

# THE LIVING AGE.

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} FROM BEGINNING  
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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

**BELGIUM.**

When I bethink how nations wax and  
wane,  
These like ripe fruit slow-cankered  
from inside,  
These falling swift from overweening  
pride  
That held the gentle heart in high  
disdain,  
This battered to its knees to rise again,  
One thing alone above the surging tide  
And flux of things seems surely to  
abide,  
The soul that doth invincible remain.  
To you, heroic Belgium, beaten down  
Because you trusted in a neighbor's  
word,  
Has come the terrible night, but comes  
the morn.  
Wasted with fire and bleeding from the  
sword,  
Proudly you wear self-sacrifice for  
crown  
And find your soul immortally re-born.

*H. D. Rawnsley.**The Times.***THE LIGHTKEEPER.**

Above, below, How the wild winds go  
And wrest at my ocean tower;  
But safe stand I 'twixt sea and sky  
And laugh at their puny power.  
They lash with might the breakers  
white  
That fret at my castle keep,  
His long race done the fiery sun  
Sinks in the west to sleep.

I mark the flight of the wings of night,  
Close o'er the restless sea,  
And hear the knell of the wave-swung  
bell,  
In its ceaseless monody,  
Sowing the brine with jewels divine  
The Night Queen rises lone,  
And my turret light so clear and bright  
Grows pale before her own.

When the storm-god glides o'er the  
raging tides  
And night lowers chill and black,  
I send my beam with fiery gleam  
Thro' the driving mist and wrack,  
Now red, now white, athwart the night

My warning flashes fly  
Where in the dark the laboring bark  
Might strike and shuddering die.

*Henry Chappell.**The English Review.***FAREWELL.**

Mother, with unbowed head  
Hear thou across the sea  
The farewell of the dead,  
The dead who died for thee.  
Greet them again with tender words  
and grave,  
For, saving thee, themselves they  
could not save.

To keep the house unharmed  
Their fathers built so fair,  
Deeming endurance armed  
Better than brute despair,  
They found the secret of the word  
that saith,  
"Service is sweet, for all true life is  
death."

So greet thou well thy dead  
Across the homeless sea,  
And be thou comforted  
Because they died for thee.  
Far off they served, but now their  
deed is done  
For evermore their life and thine are  
one.

*Henry Newbolt.***A THUNDERSTORM IN TOWN.**

She wore a new "terra-cotta" dress,  
And we stayed, because of the pelting  
storm,  
Within the hansom's dry recess,  
Though the horse had stopped; yea,  
motionless  
We sat on, snug and warm.

Then the downpour ceased, to my  
sharp sad pain,  
And the glass that had screened our  
forms before  
Flew up, and out she sprang to her  
door:

I should have kissed her if the rain  
Had lasted a minute more.

*Thomas Hardy.*

## WAR AND ARBITRATION.

No one, I suppose, can doubt that in and of itself, and apart from correlative results, war is an indescribable horror. It may sometimes be a necessity, but it is always a horror.

Nor does it cease to be a horror even when good men engage in it and good results flow from it. Some of the best and noblest men have been soldiers, though not militarists. F. W. Robertson, one of the greatest, if not the very greatest, of English preachers, whose humanity was as intense as his spirituality was enlightened, was never weary of proclaiming the mediatorial character of the soldier's vocation. Yet just as errors do not become truths because earnest men believe in them, so war does not become good and noble because good and noble men engage in it. The soldiers who fight in a war are seldom its instigators. They are the instigators' instruments and tools. And whereas the tool may be innocent the instigator may be guilty. The warrior may be a noble hero, yet the war an ignoble crime.

Even when wars have had good results—as in the case of Alfred and the Danes, or Charles Martel against the Saracens, or the Wars of the Roses which inflicted the death-blow on feudalism in England, or the wars in the Netherlands which broke the power of Philip of Spain and sounded the knell of the Inquisition, or the Civil War in the United States of America which prevented their disruption and conferred freedom on the slave, or the war in Ashantee which abolished human sacrifices in that land, or the present War with Germany which we hope will result in the unfettered independence of free nationalities, the deliverance of the German people from the despotism of bureaucracy, and the liberation of Europe from the crushing

weight of menacing armaments—yet none of these wars have been good in themselves, but only a choice between evils. When a limb is amputated to preserve the whole body from mortification, the disease which necessitates the amputation is deadly; but the amputation is also a disaster. The amputation is not in itself a good thing. In itself it is bad, and only in comparison with the disease can it be regarded as relatively good.

Similarly with wars. All wars are, on one side or the other, essentially evil. It is only in relation to the greater evils which they arrest or destroy that they can be regarded as occasionally good. In themselves they are never good, although good results may flow from them. On their arena many beautiful and splendid deeds of heroism and self-sacrifice may be displayed. But until it can be shown that outrage and ravage, suffering and death, anxiety and misery, the slaughter of men by their brother men—and unless Christianity be a delusion all men are brethren—are good things in themselves; neither can it be shown that war from which these calamities and sorrows and inhumanities are inseparable; which, indeed, necessarily and organically spring from it; is in itself good; nay, rather, is not a tremendous evil.

Moreover, under the modern conditions of warfare many of the splendid incidents which often accompanied it in former ages are gradually becoming less and less possible. Amid much that was brutal there was often something glowing in former wars. The fighters saw their foes. The strife was hand to hand. Individual strength and individual courage were confronted with individual courage and individual strength. Little of this animal joy in

battle is afforded in modern warfare. Men fight in masses now, and not infrequently the contending masses are far away from each other, or even out of sight. There never again can be a Crecy or Poitiers, a Trafalgar or Waterloo. Guns now hurl their shells on unseen victims on the other side of hills; ships hidden beneath the surface of the waters strike each other or their adversaries with deadly effect; bombs are dropped from high air with murderous results, even on unoffending and undefended towns. War is fast ceasing to be personal and becoming mechanical. The chief directors and controllers take little or no active part in it. At a distance from the fighting line they discuss and decide upon their military movements. The masses and positions of their own and the enemies' forces, and their own consequent movements, are considered with much the same sort of impersonal detachment as that of a chess-player towards the pieces on his board. It cannot be otherwise in modern warfare. The individual is sunk and lost in the mass. And although there still remain in war opportunities for the exercise of fearless courage, for the welding of comradeships in danger, for thrilling excitement and heroic sacrifice; yet the swiftly growing and irresistible trend of modern warfare towards mechanism in character and operation, and the consequent lessening of opportunities for personal adventure and prowess, must gradually deprive it of its traditional glory, and present it as a splendorless slaughtering machine. And when it comes to pass, as ere long it probably will, that adversaries divided by many waters may inflict immeasurable injuries on their opponents, or even reduce them to submission, without setting foot on their shores, then war will be stripped of its artificial pomp and be revealed to mankind in its naked shame.

But not only in its ever-increasing mechanism and soullessness is war being gradually degraded and unfrocked, but the progress of mankind in ethical development is strongly working in the same direction. In his famous sermon on war, the late Professor Mozley argues that the final arbitrament in human affairs is, and always must be, force. In so far as man is an animal, the contention may be partially, though not altogether, true; for even in the animal world it is the fittest, and not the strongest or most forceful, which have ultimately survived. The extinction of the mastodon is one evidence of this fact. And certainly, in so far as men are higher than brutes, the argument, if not altogether erroneous, is clearly lacking in finality. It borders on a brutal conception of manhood to suppose that never, in the long procession of the suns, will conscience be stronger than force or righteousness more consuming than powder. Both history and religion unite in predicting the forward and upward march of mankind towards a future in which the might of right will prove mightier than the might of force; and the keenest and strongest of swords will have, not a material, but a spiritual edge and a spiritual power. The Christian faith, while rooted in the great facts of the past, has also its anchors of hope fixed in the future. And among these hopes is the assurance of a slowly dawning better age, wherein the final arbitrament of disputes will not be blood and iron, but equity, justice and truth. To despair of the moral progress of man is to disbelieve in the ultimately effectual goodness of God. The best of all Catholic faiths is this: that through the redemptive methods of God, man will grow steadily better; with better ideals, better conscience, better conduct in daily life. If this faith be not true, both the world and its nations must sooner or later perish everlast-



ingly. And any Church which teaches that human nature cannot be improved, or is incapable of setting its face steadily towards righteousness, can never be either the salt, or the leaven, or the light of the world; or help in the realization of Christ's glorious command to His disciples, "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Besides, the past career of man, as history relates it, falsifies these faithless and enervating counsels of despair. That story is rich and stimulating in the promise of better, and still better, ages. In the physical world, indeed, evolution seems to have reached its climax in corporeal man. But in the moral and spiritual worlds the processes of evolution are still hard at work. Their goal is yet far off, among the delectable mountains. But, though far off, it is definitely and distinctly nearer than when history began its first records. The age of dominant savagery and recognized cannibalism is already over. The highest civilizations of bygone eras were too low to be possible of reproduction now. Egypt and Greece alike were worse than indifferent to the miseries of slaves, while vice in some of its most repulsive forms was a boast rather than a shame. The amphitheatre of Rome reeked with brutality. Feudal serfs attached to the soil would be obvious anachronisms now: and no religious bigotry, however blind, can ever again set up the ghastly tribunal of the Inquisition, or send its Mores and Fishers to the block, or relight the fires of Smithfield. Duelling is now almost universally regarded as a barbarous survival of an obsolete code of honor. The once vast mass of offences which formerly glutted the scaffold has been restricted to a single crime; and even on that single crime the rope now drops, not before the gaze of a gaping crowd, but in hidden seclusion. Hospitals and nursing institutions bear

their world-wide testimony to the general growth of compassion for suffering and reverence for human life. In former ages individuals and small communities, like St. Francis of Assisi and his brethren, were divinely kind; but widespread societies for the prevention of cruelty, whether to animals or children—societies which seem natural and inevitable to-day, and which include all sorts and conditions of men—were then undreamed of. The title of Sovereigns and Rulers which to-day is most widely acclaimed for its nobility and royalty is that of Peace-Maker. Not those who delight in war, but those who war against war, are regarded as the pioneers of progress and the benefactors of mankind.

I do not forget the other side to this encouraging picture—that the lust of gold may be baser than that of glory; that industrial competitions, unmoralized by the sense of brotherhood, may be as brutish as the wars of tribal chieftains; that a modern millionaire or limited liability company may be as wickedly selfish as a feudal over-lord; that picketing may be as unjust and pitiless as barbarism; that the walls of a Norman dungeon never echoed with cries more appalling than those of sweated labor in our over-crowded towns; that the liberty of the Press may degenerate into the defilements of license; that democracy has its spots and its clouds without water; that education which does not produce manliness and nobility of character is little better than ignorance; that castes of employers and castes of employed are as unlovely as the military and selfish castes of bygone ages; or that even peace itself, unless disciplined and strenuous, may end in a stagnation more demoralizing than war. Nor do I forget the saying of Horace, that although you thrust out Nature with a fork, it will yet run back again; or the far greater and

more penetrative saying of Him Who knew what is in man, that when the unclean spirit has gone out of a man, it may yet return with other spirits more wicked than itself, and the man's last state be worse than his first. We can have no more conclusive evidence of the wicked possibilities inherent in human nature, or of the occasional recrudescence of the savageries of barbarism at the centres of civilization, than the present war: red with blood, pale with death; a ruthless crime concocted in the caves of arrogance and greed. The ancient hordes of ignorant Huns were not more deceitful and bloodthirsty than their modern disciples: whose slaughters are scientific, whose culture defends crime, and whose lust for power is a craving for despotism. But these butcheries and deceptions need not drive us to despair. They are a passing eclipse on the sun of progress. Reversions have always dogged the heels of evolution. In climbing hills men often slide back before they reach the summit. Every stage in the moral ascent of man has been marked by reactions. Yet, in spite of numberless reversions and reactions, man to-day is not morally where he was even a thousand years ago. He has slowly reached a higher plane. He condemns the iniquities which he formerly applauded. More and more vice is being compelled to hide itself and shun the light. Where one man took a benevolent interest in the sufferings and sorrows of his fellow-men, great multitudes take that interest now. The ancient Attila was natural to his age. The modern Attila is deemed by the world at large unnatural, anachronistic, outside the moral norm, belonging properly to the barbarous past, and impotent to arrest the moral developments of the future.

The moral standpoint of the present, the way the world now looks at things, is clearly better and higher than in

ancient days. Notwithstanding all setbacks the march of human progress is unmistakable. And what makes this progress so rich in hope is its apparent governance by the law of acceleration. In the beginning the progress was very slow. A thousand years at first showed little advance in moral development. But gradually the pace has quickened. The last century has witnessed far greater progress in moral perception and moral purpose, in hatred of wrong and love of right; in condemnation of war and approval of peace; in the abandonment of a tribal patriotism, born of hostility and fed by jealousy; and the culture of an inclusive patriotism built upon brotherhood and adorned with self-sacrifice, than any of the centuries which preceded it.

One very striking evidence of this acceleration in the moral progress of mankind is furnished by the rapidity of the growth of the practice of Arbitration in international disputes. The germinal idea of Arbitration is as old as the Amphictyonic Council; but only within quite recent times has it begun to lay clear and firm hold on the human mind. War-worshippers like Treitschke, whose magazine of pontifical and contradictory assertions seems almost boundless, naturally declare that "the erection of an international Court of Arbitration as a permanent institution is incompatible with the nature of a State," because their definition of a State is Power. Not principle, or justice, or righteousness, but power. It is, of course, obvious that if a State, and *a fortiori* all States, stand simply for Power, then the very idea of Arbitration is the baseless fabric of a vision. You might as reasonably imagine a Court of Arbitration for lions and tigers as for diplomats and statesmen whose notion of a State is, above all things, power; whose criterion of right is might; and whose code of public morality is merely another

name for public selfishness. The necessary corollary of such a definition of the State is that peace is "an error of thought," "something irrational," and that "the condition of war cannot be imagined away out of the world." From such premisses any other conclusion would be absurd. It is not the conclusion which is absurd, but the premiss. And the absurdity of the premiss is manifest when we ask "What is meant by Power?" Is it physical strength, or intellectual ability, or moral vigor, or spiritual influence? If spiritual influence, then Paul to-day is more powerful than all the Emperors; if moral vigor, then Athanasius than the world; if intellectual ability, then such as Aristotle and Bacon and Kant than all the military bureaucracies; if physical strength, then the biggest bully is the best ruler. The same is true collectively. No State has ever been strong by reason of its power alone. Only when its power has been supported by a higher civilization than that of its neighbors and contemporaries has it long succeeded in surviving. It was not because the idol of Egypt was a bull, but because of its superiority in civilization, that its dynasties spread themselves over many centuries. It was not the legions of Rome, but its laws, which sustained its permanence. The hordes of barbarians who flooded Europe could only establish their sway by adopting the manners and religion of their foes. In the long run they yielded to their foes, and their foes absorbed them. It was not so much by material, as moral, forces that Hildebrand brought Henry the Fourth to Canossa. Elizabeth's fleet was tiny in comparison with Philip's, but the Armada perished. Spain put all her trust in gold and power, and we know the result. Napoleon's battalions were very big, but he died a lonely exile at St. Helena. It is not the Power of England which has caused

her Colonies and India to rush so splendidly to her aid in her hour of need, but the devotion of their loyalty and their esteem for her justice. It would be necessary to turn history upside down—as, indeed, Treitschke does—to find confirmation of his militarist theory that States are built and established on power. The experience of all the ages proves that might apart from right, and power without justice, are like chaff before the winds of avenging righteousness. And if justice and righteousness are essential to the permanence of States, then Arbitration in their disputes is not excluded by any necessity of the case, but rather, with the development among nations of the sense of justice and the growth of their obedience to righteousness, the future of Arbitration is bright with the promise of a glorious hope.

There are so many discrepancies in the common comparison between national police and international police that the limits of space will not allow me even to touch them all. Two observations may, however, be briefly stated. First, it is not the power and force of a community which alone stand behind its judicial tribunals and compel its criminals and litigants to obey their sentences and decisions. Behind the force of the community lies its will, its sense of equity and justice, its approval of the distribution of awards and the infliction of penalties. Take these away and the force would crumble to pieces. No force could stand for long against the resistance of the general conscience and conviction of right in any nation. In a genuine Constitutional Government, indeed, such as that of the British Empire, or the United States of America, the laws of the State are the expression of the will, the intelligence, the conscience of the State. The force which compels obedience to these laws is but the instrument of the nation's will, and,

as that will governs the instrument of force which it employs, force cannot be the final arbiter of the intelligence and conscience which direct that will. Secondly, in individual disputes or trials it is not the whole nation which is at the back of the laws which govern it. Criminals and very ignorant people and other lawless persons disapprove of legal restraints. They prefer license. It is the majority, including the wisest and the best, who make the laws according to which disputes are settled and transgressions punished; and because the laws express the mind and will of this majority the minority feel compelled, or at any rate find it their interest, to yield to these laws. The individual does not wait till the whole nation backs a law. When the majority backs it he realizes that the free tenure of his citizenship depends on his obedience. Similarly with International Arbitrations. We need not wait till all the nations of the world agree to arbitral laws. If the majority, and those the wisest and the best, combine to agree on them, the rest will either find it their interest to submit or must be content to be regarded as outlaws.

Moreover, there is an increasing desire to commit the settlement of private disputes to private arbitration, and so escape the publicity and cost of suits of law. Every year hundreds of such disputes have been so settled. In my own limited sphere I have been entrusted with the settlement of not a few. And in no instance has the settlement been set at naught. Yet there was no force behind the award to compel its acceptance. Nothing but the pledged word, and the sense of honorable obligation to stand by it. And what force other than conscience and honor, with faith in the arbitrator's knowledge of the circumstances and his unalloyed desire to do justice to both parties, leads employers and employed so often now to submit their disputes

to arbitration? It is not long since arbitrations in labor disputes and industrial wars were regarded in much the same way as international arbitrations are regarded now: good ideals but vain chimeras; stuff such as Utopian dreams are made of, but outside the calculations of practical men! Yet fifty years of experience has drawn the antagonists in industry ever farther away from industrial war and ever nearer to settlements by arbitration. By degrees the disputants discovered the tremendous losses entailed by industrial wars, both upon victors and vanquished. They discovered, moreover, not only the economic futility, but also the social evils arising from these wars. Hence the ever-deepening disposition, both among masters and men, to avoid a lock-out on the one hand and a strike on the other, and to make trial of all the resources of arbitration before adventuring on the hazard of an industrial war. Strikes and lock-outs aggravated and intensified the unnatural and stupid enmity between Capital and Labor. So long as they were rife this false and ruinous jealousy appeared part of the necessary constitution of the economic world. Arbitration is quickly dispelling this great and mischievous illusion. It has taught both employers and employed not to rest satisfied with gauging each other's power, but to endeavor to understand and respect each other's purpose. It is opening the eyes of both parties to see that the true interests of Capital and Labor are not hostile, but mutual: that if one suffers both suffer, and that only in the welfare of both can the welfare of either be enduringly found. Economics are already confessed to be on the side of arbitration; and when the conviction of the universal brotherhood of men comes to be added to the recognition of economic laws then industrial wars will cease and industrial arbitration reign supreme.

Similarly will it be, I am persuaded, with international arbitration. As yet this species of arbitration has scarcely got beyond the ideal stage. Its conversion into the actual may possibly be very slow. The adversaries are many, and the obstacles great: notably the long traditions of international jealousies and suspicions. Yet the auguries are eloquent with hope. Upon the horizon the streaks of dawn are bright. There is a growing hate of war among the progressive peoples of the world. The perception of its economic futility and sterile waste of blood and treasure is ever widening and deepening. The comity among nations is steadily being strengthened. It is now a hundred years since, with one exception, there has been war between English-speaking peoples. The number of the nations to whom international treaties are merely "scraps of paper" is diminishing; and this diminished few have become the obloquy of the world. Why does Germany stand to-day in solitary disgrace, without a friend among the free peoples of the whole earth? Not so much because she has made wanton war, but far more because she has broken her imperial pledges, set at nought public law, and violated the honor of neutrality. If she is victorious in this war, it will be long before she can win the confidence of the nations or obtain a share in their alliance for her stability and prosperity. If she is defeated, her miseries will arise not so much from her military overthrow as from the knowledge that she is mistrusted and shunned by all the world. Defeat with honor any nation can survive; but with dishonor both victory and defeat are a lasting weakness and scourge. It was not always so. Victory formerly carried honor with it. Defeat alone was reckoned as disgrace. It is just the opposite now. A defeated nation, through the vitality of honor, may quickly rise again. A victorious

Empire, with the worm of dishonor eating at its heart, is left lonely in its pomp; and international loneliness is a very deadly thing. What mean these facts? They can mean nothing else, nor less, than that force is ceasing to be the final arbitrament between nations, and that international truth and righteousness are beginning to be counted of more value, yea, even power, than force.

Even Treitschke has occasional glimmerings of these facts. Of an international law of war he writes:

We seldom find brutal contraventions of this law in modern times. International law has developed in the course of centuries to an intensity of consciousness of right. The whole character of the life of the State has become so public nowadays that a gross contravention of international law immediately excites great indignation among all civilized nations.

Exactly. And the force of this moral indignation will ere long be stronger and more decisive than the armaments of war. What force lay behind the Alabama Arbitration or the Venezuelan Arbitration? Practically none, except the desire for a righteous peace, the bonds of an honorable agreement to abide by the award, and the knowledge that a violation of this honorable agreement would be visited with the penalty of a world-wide disgrace. The International Peace Congress was founded only seventy-one years ago, and was then a very limited band. Yet at one of its recent gatherings in England hundreds of societies and organizations from four continents and twenty-five different countries—including Great Britain, the United States of America, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Russia, Poland, Belgium, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Holland, Switzerland, Algeria, Japan, South Africa, India—were represented by duly accredited delegates. Universities, Associations of Teachers, Labor Organ-



izations sent their representatives. The King gave them official recognition. The Prime Minister and other prominent members of the Cabinet took part in their proceedings. It was a Congress of many tribes and tongues, many forms of political allegiance, many types of religious belief; but all of one mind and one heart in the conviction that international arbitration is a loftier and nobler ideal than internecine war.

And, after all, ideals are the greatest and strongest things in the world, not only for individuals and Churches, but for societies and nations. Without ideals nations perish. By their ideals they live and grow. The goals at which Hague Conventions and Hague Conferences aim may be yet far off, but the distance of the end is no reason for not beginning the journey. On the contrary, the farther a man has to travel, the sooner he sets out the better. And on this particular journey the nations will not have to wait for a share in the prize till they attain their final goal. At every stage in the way they will receive some part of their reward in the diminution of wars and the increase of peace.

Their final goal is the cessation of all wars and the adoption of universal arbitration. But so long as their remain nations who delight in war, whose rulers and prophets declare that "war is an essential element in God's scheme of the world," whose public morality would be privately accounted a shame and dishonor, whose most solemn treaties, if they become inconvenient, are regarded as no more binding than scraps of paper—so long war will not only be necessary, but the bounden duty of all the nations who love righteousness and hate iniquity. To shrink from war under such circumstances would be like handing over a civil community to the tender mercies of syndicalists and anarchists. So long as national honor, and the freedom even of small States,

and the people's franchise, and Constitutional Government, and public law, and a general peace founded on righteousness are threatened by militarist ambition and attacked by ruthless force, the true peace-man becomes the most resolute, albeit the most reluctant, advocate of war. The true peace-man is not a mere amiable, philanthropic simpleton, with a big heart and a little head. Apart from righteousness he is not desirous of peace. He prefers war for the right to peace with the wrong. He knows well that there is quite enough evil still left among men to submerge the world in moral darkness, if not resisted, and, when necessary, resisted even unto death. But as most wars in the past have originated in wrong, and as most arbitrations have ended in justice, the peace-man seeks to educate his fellows in a disgust for war and a delight in arbitration.

Meanwhile the true peace-man does not clamor for a sudden stoppage of preparations for war, or the disarmament of one country in front of the growing armaments of others. He understands what is meant by saying that "preparedness for war is one of the securities of peace." If there be any that do not yet realize this truth the present War will help to show it to them openly. The initial wrong in this War was the needless increase in German armaments; but the next wrong was the neglect of the Allies to prepare for attack. If the preparations of the Allies had been adequate, then either the War would never have happened, or it would not have dragged its wicked course to such a calamitous and appalling length. Perhaps, however, the very tremendousness of the losses and miseries of this wanton, almost world-wide, War will be the harbinger of a lasting, righteous and almost world-wide peace. War to-day is a greater terror, a greater horror, a more stupendous wound to the moral sentiments of man-

kind than it has ever been before. It sounds like a paradox, but it is probably true, that the very bigness and brutalities and devastations of this War may accelerate the progress of International Arbitration and the establishment of public law and public right. For what do these things mean?

They mean [said the Prime Minister in his great speech in Dublin on the 25th of September last], or ought to mean, perhaps, by a slow and gradual process, the substitution for force, for

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

the clash of competing ambitions, for groupings and alliances, and a precarious equipoise, of a real European partnership based on the recognition of equal right and established and enforced by a common will. A year ago that would have sounded like a Utopian idea. It is probably one that may not, or will not, be realized either to-day or to-morrow, but if and when this War is decided in favor of the Allies it will at once come within the range, and before long within the grasp, of European statesmanship.

*J. W. Carhol.*

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## THE BATTLEFIELD BETWEEN THE MARNE AND THE AISNE.

Many of those who are, for whatever reason, unable to take part in the great adventures in France and Belgium, would be happy if they could lift for themselves but a corner of the veil that covers the operations. They long to know, while they can only read. The newspapers indeed offer a superabundance, yet they do not satisfy all. We feel a sense of unreality over much that we read, a sense of uncertainty about almost everything. We may fear that the Special Correspondent is too great an artist to describe with perfect accuracy. His reputation depends on his copy. He will not invent, but he may color, and even color may mislead. The official despatch errs on the other side; it deals with facts so bare, with movements so vast, that they can be interpreted in almost any sense, according to the mood of the moment. That new creation, the military expert Eye-witness, provides more generously for the very human wants of those of us who are condemned to stay at home and look on. But he is doubtless too busy to spoil us with much writing, though we feel that we could trust him implicitly. Letters from the front are perhaps best of all, yet here again we are

warned by those responsible for reading and passing soldiers' letters home that they are often gloriously imaginative or absurdly inaccurate. Moreover, being very properly intended for the delight of the limited circle of the writer's family and friends, they naturally emphasize only certain of his experiences. Thus, in spite of all that is set before us in the Press, or perhaps just because of it, the desire to go and see for oneself how things look to a plain civilian becomes a consuming fire, and when its growth happens to coincide with an autumn holiday the result is placed beyond question.

A ticket to Paris and an absence of luggage or *impedimenta* in any shape are all that one might think necessary; and it is only when one arrives at the Gare du Nord after a twelve hours' journey from Calais, fifteen in a compartment, including two wounded soldiers, without once having been asked for the ticket, that doubts and difficulties begin to arise. For the Paris that we knew has passed away and given place to something thin and unreal and lifeless. The drive through the empty shuttered streets has something of the ridiculous. Where the shop name smells

ever so faintly of the German or Austrian, white chalk inscriptions scribbled on the black paint plead for the *patron*—"La maison est Russe," "Le gérant est mobilisé," "Fermée pour cause de mobilisation," "Vive l'Armée!" while following close upon this stirring cry of patriotism appears such an humble domestic appeal as "Plus de lait, s'il vous plaît." A whole comedy of cosmopolitanism may be read on these lettered shutters. Flags are everywhere displayed, with especial prodigality over suspect establishments, but the note of gaiety they sound seems forced and jarring. The *cocher*, as he drives, gazes skywards at the black speck of a sentry aeroplane passing slowly across the blue, but there is no danger, for the road is all ours. Small crowds gather round the newspaper offices; the kiosques alone are doing business; all banks and places of business are closed, so too most of the hotels. As evening falls there comes upon Paris an Egyptian darkness in comparison with which London in its latest gloom is as a city of light. "Monsieur can have a room, it is true, and breakfast assuredly," is the not over-enthusiastic greeting at a bolted hotel door not a hundred yards off the Champs-Élysées; and there are not even rolls with the morning coffee, which is served by a maid, for the waiters are gone to their other duty. Monsieur le Commissaire de Police accords a "permis de séjour," headed magnificently "Mobilisation (Camp retranché de Paris)." The "Gouvernement militaire de Paris," by its instrument, the same kindly Commissaire, is even persuaded to give me a "sauf-conduit pour la sortie de Paris en chemin de fer,"—but only when I have explained to him that my destination is the Marne, and he has explained to me that, the railway bridges having all been blown up, no trains are running. Incidentally I make the interesting discovery from the same document that

my "cheveux" are "blonds." The description alone should be as good as a disguise. My own mother would not recognize me under it. But my pass serves to take me beyond the gates where fine trees have been felled to act as barricades over empty ground where formerly stood tall houses and buildings. The trees, stripped of branches and twigs, lie with bare boughs pointing outwards, trunk parallel to trunk. A web of barbed wire has been spun among the boughs, the whole forming an ugly, if temporary, obstacle to an unsupported advance-guard.

It was the second half of September. East and north-east of Paris progress by train was slow and uncertain, for the Commissaire had been right about the bridges. It was impossible to get beyond Esbly on the Marne, no motors were permitted on the roads except those which passed at high speeds everywhere, bearing staff officers to and from the front or transporting wounded to the base hospitals in and beyond Paris. The railway sidings were crowded with troop trains, mostly empty, but some occupied by wounded or unwounded. On one train of open trucks could be counted eighteen German field-guns, taken on the retirement from the Marne and now on their way to Vincennes. Within a dozen miles from leaving the railway the field of battle was reached. Inquiries seemed to show that it would be impossible to proceed for any distance into the "zone militaire." No permits were being issued, and the presence of spies made it necessary to regard every foreigner as a suspect, a very reasonable and proper precaution which might have been taken earlier with advantage. At first my luck held. I was able to make some progress; sentries were kindly or stupid, officers occupied with more important affairs or deliberately easy-going and genial for the sake of an unofficial chat.

In a small town, however, I was arrested at nightfall just after crossing the wreck of the iron bridge that now lies sprawling in the river, blown up at either end. Ladders had been hung down the broken roadway to the water's edge and planks placed across the central gap. Marched between two French dragoons to the Commandant's quarters in the railway-station, a crowd collected as we passed, and murmurs of "*Espion!*" indicated a rather unpleasant suggestion. Salutes, reports to various guards on duty outside followed, then a period of waiting in the custody of two sentries with bayonets fixed. Finally I was led into what seemed to be the station-master's office transformed into military headquarters. A distinguished-looking officer, addressed as "*Mon Général*" by the half-dozen officers who sat round, seemed to preside over the Court, and his examination was vigorous and almost interminable. In the middle of it I was led out and searched, but as I had taken the precaution of not carrying a revolver or even a map, nothing was reported to the Court except the discovery of a note-book in which I had jotted down roughly a few matters of interest on my way. The General bade me read what I had written, and I translated the first page into French to the Court. My hurried notes may have been sensible enough in themselves, but translated aloud to a roomful of splendidly uniformed officers they sounded incredibly disconnected and foolish, and at the end of the page I paused, hoping they had had enough. "*Ensuite!*" roared the General, and I had to proceed; he had been nettled, I gathered, at some of my observations which were frankly critical of certain points of French administration and equipment. There was worse to follow on those lines, and I should have liked to omit them. Perhaps I hesitated, for at a sign from the General a young officer

took up a position just behind me, looking over my book as I translated. Whether he could read English I had no means of knowing, but judging it best to be on the safe side and to omit nothing, I went on to the end amid grim silence. At last it was finished; my old Foreign Office passport, dated some years back for use in Russia, which had been received at the outset with an incredulous "*Who knows, monsieur, how and where you obtained it?*" was returned to me, and I was led out, still under guard, to await the result. Fortunately I had satisfied my examiners. "*Vos papiers sont en ordre*" was the verdict, and the République Française issued its precious "*Prière aux autorités de laisser passer librement*" to the next town, signed by the *Commandant d'armes*, the distinguished-looking General.

On other occasions I had great difficulty in persuading the officers in charge to allow me to proceed at all. One, an officer of Marines, *Capitaine de Frégate* he signed himself, corresponding to our rank of Commander, when signing my "*sauf-conduit*," assured me that I should certainly be shot by the sentries as I did not know the countersign, and he had no intention of telling me what it was; but he alone showed any positive hostility, and, from what I heard afterwards from his own men, was notoriously rude and a bully. In many cases, indeed, once convinced that I was no spy, they received me with the greatest cordiality and kindness. One standing difficulty, however, always cropped up: "*Why are you here, and what are you doing?*" A very natural and proper question to put, but the true answer that I was there because I wished to see something of the war for myself proved singularly unconvincing. I accordingly fell back on another plea. "*I have come to see whether I can find some officer friends of mine in an English regiment. Can*

you tell me perhaps, Monsieur le Colonel, where I might hope to find the—regiment?" This never failed. One was promptly put down as a mad Englishman, who, like all his kind, took pleasure in wandering about in dangerous country to see his friends. Nor did Monsieur le Colonel like to admit that he had never heard of the regiment, much less knew their position, and he would wave his hand vaguely to the north and inform me with perfect courtesy that he believed they were somewhere "là-bas."

At last, however, my luck failed me. Arrested at dusk in a small village, for official night begins at six p.m., I was taken to the Commandant. After explanations and the production of my safe-conduct viséd for the previous night, I asked for a pass to the next village. The distant boom of guns could be heard to the north, and wounded German prisoners had been passing throughout the day. He refused, politely but firmly. I then explained that if I could not go forward I must go back, if he would be so kind as to give me permission to return whence I came. With equal politeness he refused once more. "What then do you propose?" "You must remain here." "But for how long?" "I can place no limit upon your detention, Monsieur." The situation was unpleasant, for my holiday was over, and I was due to return to Paris. I spent the evening strolling about the village as far as the sentries posted on every road; the moon was brilliant, but at last it set, and, feeling more than a little anxious, I scrambled over the wall of a house that had been partially demolished by a shell, out into the fields. An abandoned trench, which, like most of them, had been well lined with shocks of corn, made an admirable bed. But my chain of permits was broken. I had no evidence of military respectability for that night, and henceforth had to avoid

towns or villages after six o'clock. However, the weather was perfect, trenches and haystacks abounded, and beyond getting more and more disreputable in appearance no hardship was involved as I worked my way west and south again towards Paris and the railway.

By day no molestation had to be feared. Off the roads, away from the towns and villages, the fields over which the fighting had taken place were almost deserted. Agriculture had ceased. The harvest, cut just before mobilization, remained ungathered, and no attempt seemed yet to have been made to get it in. The stubble-fields were littered with hay and straw, tossed and scattered everywhere in waste and confusion. In one field ten haystacks could be counted, all deliberately burnt—mere black, charred masses. Farmsteads had suffered the same fate; barns, stables, even ploughs and harrows, and often the farmhouse itself having been fired. One such may be taken as typical. Only the walls remained. Even the dovecot had been destroyed. The owner, who had been absent when the enemy arrived, had lost some valuable horses, two motor-cars, and all his stock and stores. Yet he seemed to face the facts with composure. We explored the ruins of his house together. He was evidently a man of means, a kind of gentleman-farmer. In his bedroom, practically gutted, he picked up a cardboard box bearing the name of a brand of candles and the words "made in Germany." "There you see," he explained triumphantly, "it *was* these *crapules* of Germans who have been here." I pointed out that so far as the box was evidence at all it was to the opposite effect, and that the words "made in Germany" were only used for the English market; but though a well-educated man he was obdurate that the discovery proved German participation. In point of fact the



Germans had actually occupied his farm and had no doubt picked up or carried with them a box destined for England, but as an instance of the triumph of the wish to believe over all obstacles the incident is characteristic. Many of the most terrible stories rest on no better foundation. We were passing the farm pond when he pointed to a cylindrical object appearing above the surface. We went down to examine. The pond had been half filled with German live shell, whether abandoned in the exigencies of retreat or thrown away as faulty it was impossible to say. There was, however, other evidence to show that many shells for the German field artillery had failed to explode.

Yet on the whole the artillery practice must have been superb on both sides. In places a piece of ground the size of a tennis-court in front of some trench is pitted with as many as a dozen shell-holes, each perhaps a yard deep in the soft brown earth, which is actually charred at the bottom. Fragments of shell and shrapnel bullets lie everywhere. The trenches seem to run for miles through the fields, roughly east and west for the most part. Round about the Marne they are all rudimentary and shallow, varying perhaps from three to five feet in depth; some of the deepest have been covered with a protection against splinters and shrapnel, especially those near the roads, where branches cut by the shells from the poplars and apple-trees lining the sides of the road have been available. These, when strewn with earth, should provide fairly efficient shelter. When telegraph-wires are to be seen they hang, cut and tangled, in hideous *déshabillé*. Where trenches border the high-road even the telegraph-posts as well as all trees have been carefully cut down, to prevent their being used for ranging on. Bottles, cartridge-clips, oddments of uniform and

accoutrements lie scattered about the trenches. Elsewhere you may trace the bivouacs by the remains of camp-fires and the litter of empty tins. Indeed the brands of bully beef and rations of all kinds made it a simple task to distinguish British from French, French from German. Only in the case of some British bivouacs had any attempt been made to clear up before breaking camp, shallow pits having been dug in which Crosse and Blackwell's jam-tins figured prominently. Indeed this British jam ration has played a prominent part in the campaign in France. Every other Frenchwoman tells you of it. That the common soldier should be fed on *confiture* is sufficiently amazing, but that he should receive it in such quantities that he can give it away in whole tins at a time to his French hostess or her children fairly staggers her imagination.

Efforts were being made to collect such of the *débris* of the battlefields as might be of use, but owing to the distances involved it is slow work. Piles of saddles and bridles, bandoliers and water-bottles, unused cartridges and live shell, *képis* and helmets, knapsacks and greatcoats have been brought together at the roadside, waiting to be sorted and removed when more important matters have been disposed of. Occasional fatigue-parties may be met on this work, and also the grimmer one of burying the dead, who at this time might still be found lying in the more distant fields. Near the villages and towns and by the roadside the frequent graves proved that this had already been done. Low mounds were they for the most part, that will surely have almost disappeared by the spring, but terribly obvious now with their fresh-turned earth. Crossed sticks, tied roughly together, or a few bunches of withered flowers, marked those of the French and British dead; where the enemy lie, for the most part an upright,

or not even that. Nearly all are nameless, save for those of an officer or two, with the numbers of their regiments. One epitaph only caught my eye: "Ici reposent deux Boches." The term "Boches" is almost untranslatable, but it embodies a whole world of hatred, contempt, and disgust. Those who had not yet been buried were to be found scattered among the coppices and woods and half hidden by the tall-growing beetroot. The gray German uniforms prevailed, perhaps because the Allies had cared first for their own men. Yet the scarlet trousers and blue coats of the French were by no means absent, and the Turcos in particular seemed to have suffered cruelly. Among the German dead, shoulder-straps with the crimson V surmounted by a crown identified one at least of the regiments that had been chosen to lead the van towards Paris.

Where French and German lay side by side the contrast of their equipment was more than striking, and the advantage was not with our Allies. Even the layman could appreciate the marvellous forethought and care that had gone to clothe, arm, and equip the humblest German private. Every detail had been elaborated. Brains and money must have been prodigally expended in combining strength with lightness; the materials seemed always of the best. Compared with it the French equipment looked clumsy and heavy, almost cheap. In one of the remoter corners of a vast beetroot field lay the huddled form of a German officer. The struggle had been severe, for, completely untrenched, it seemed to have come under the shell-fire of a French battery posted by a wrecked sugar-factory on the not very distant skyline. Outstretched on his back, he was gazing skywards, his uniform stained round a bullet-hole in the right shoulder. Yet the sight of him was terrible, for his throat was cut from ear to ear. So much for all the

materials for another atrocity story. The officer lies wounded and helpless with a bullet through his shoulder and is then foully murdered by a cut-throat enemy. By the merest chance, evidence of the truth lay close at hand. Within a few feet was the curved fragment of a rusty blood-stained shell which exactly fitted the jagged wound. Many of these ghastly stories, where not pure inventions to begin with, must surely admit of similar explanations. Farther on, by the edge of a small pine-wood, a curious light-brown mass caught my eye. From a distance I thought it might be a large flat tent, but the age of the tented field has passed away. On closer inspection it proved to be the wreck of a French aeroplane, the wings crushed and bent into fantastic shapes, the engine half-buried in the ground. Of the occupants there was no sign. There were bullet-holes in the tough glazed canvas covering the planes, but there was no evidence to show whether hostile attack or an accident had brought about its fall.

Such towns and villages as have come under severe shell-fire present a most extraordinary appearance. The destruction is not universal; it is capricious, arbitrary, and fortuitous. There is nothing that in the least resembles Messina after the earthquake, nothing even that can parallel the deliberate and methodical incendiarism that left delightful Senlis an almost unbroken line of blackened and roofless ruins. The bursting effect of a shell among solid structures seems incalculable. Here it will explode and tear off in jagged splinters an enormous tree-trunk, there it will drill a neat three-and-a-half-inch hole right through it. In one house the floors from top to bottom will be cleared right out, in another the front only will be removed, leaving the interior and most of the furniture intact. With such sights experienced or anticipated the people of

the countryside and smaller towns, from the Mayor and Prefect to the humblest peasant, had mostly fled, and were only just beginning to return timidly to their homes. Some had tried to protect their belongings by fierce threats, chalked valiantly upon door or shutter. "Mort au voleur," one read, or "Les pilleurs seront fusillés sur place." Empty words for the most part, for the pillaging by the invaders has to be seen to be believed. Those few who awaited their arrival describe them as calling out "Brod, Brod" as they entered a village, and they seem to have been generally famished. But where you find a baker's or butcher's shop emptied of its supplies, go beyond the front shop into the humble living and sleeping-rooms of the owner and his family, and you will find wanton destruction everywhere—pillows and mattresses cut to pieces, mirrors and pictures hacked and slashed, tawdry and worthless ornaments broken, and the poor contents of drawers and cupboards strewn over the floor and trampled underfoot. By way of contrast, the behavior of the French and British troops seems to have been admirable.

The French private soldier is full of confidence and courage. To the non-expert eye he seems to labor under certain disadvantages of uniform and outfit generally, but his spirit is magnificent. The French officer is always and everywhere a gallant gentleman. But, again speaking as a layman and as one ignorant of military affairs, in conversation he sometimes gives an impression of vagueness; his knowledge of distances and heights and positions seemed, to my untutored mind, somewhat to seek. His staff maps were good, but were not always to hand when wanted to illustrate a point or decide a route. The temper of our own men seemed inimitable. Lost units still came wandering in asking for

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news of their batteries or regiments. A W. and G. taxi-cab accosted me at cross-roads a hundred miles from Paris, pulling up suddenly with wheels locked to shout an inquiry in broad Cockney: "I say, which is the road to Paris?" Two artillery-men and a Highlander, all in the best of spirits, were being thus sent back to Paris to rejoin. The driver, a French soldier, knew nothing of his road, for, as he explained, he came from Finisterre. There was no grumbling to be heard even in a crack Territorial regiment engaged in the useful but unsavory occupation of scavenging, including the burning and burying of dead horses and cattle.

The British soldier as seen in these surroundings seems to pass through three stages, where at least, as in the case of many of the men, they had had no previous war experience. The first of these stages, judging from the conversation of those encountered, was that of the youthful enthusiast who welcomed all hardships and discomforts as joys incidental to a picnic, in itself a sheer delight. The open-air life, the change of scene, appealed irresistibly to his instincts. But novelty passes off, and in the second stage he is accepting all that comes, the rough and the smooth alike, as part of the game, part of the ordinary life in fact, nothing to talk about even. Only in a few cases of men who had been through it all from those first days of the retirement from Mons, back to the Marne, forward again to the Aisne and the deep trenches under constant shell-fire, could the last stage be noted—that of clear recognition of all that must be involved in defeating a numerous, brave, and well-armed enemy. But here too the underlying spirit was the same as that of the newly arrived Territorial—a spirit of determination to see the thing through and perfect confidence as to the final issue.

*Robert C. Witt.*

## THE POMANDERS.

BY ARTHUR FETTERLESS.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE MAN OF LAW.

On the following day I had the honor of meeting a very remarkable character. I think the subsequent narrative will justify that statement.

I have met many English solicitors in my time, especially London solicitors, but as a rule there is nothing particularly remarkable about them in the sense of distinctiveness. Any average London solicitor might equally well, so far as appearance and general conversation goes, be a stockbroker, or a banker, or a member of any of the other professions. But the writer whom I met in this Highland village unquestionably belonged to a class by himself. He was a being altogether unique.

His name was William Sturdy, and he was the man who had been entrusted with the defence of the Pomanders in all their affairs against all and sundry. And mightily he appeared to relish the task.

I called on him on the suggestion of John Pomander, made the night before. Not that I expected to be able to give any great assistance in a matter of Scots Law, but just on the off-chance that I might somehow prove useful.

At first he was inclined to be suspicious of me. His clerk announced my name before I entered. When I did so, Sturdy motioned me to a chair. After I had sat down he looked at me curiously, fumbling the while with a thing I have never seen outside of Scotland—a snuff-box. While doing so he also made a few observations on the weather. After that he came to the point.

"And what may the nature of your business be, Mr. Kerrendel?" he asked.

In reply I explained my presence,

and immediately his attitude changed to one of great geniality. "Oh, aye," he said, as if suddenly recollecting, "I know where I am now. I've heard of ye before, but I wasna just sure. Ye've got a kind o' London look about ye, and I thought ye might be some connection o' the Miggars, and ye'll understand I wasna just sure what ye were here for, or maybe too well pleased to see ye if ye had been ane o' them."

I bowed in answer to his remarks, and expressed my understanding of his attitude. While he had been speaking I had had leisure to look at him, and his appearance interested me. He must have been about sixty or sixty-five years of age. His hair was streaked with gray, and he was beginning to show signs of portliness, but he was nevertheless quite active in his movements, and his face had a firm, keen look. As I came to know him better, I found that his face generally wore a look of sardonic humor, an effect created by the almost perpetual twinkle in his gray eyes, and a slight drawing down of the corners of the mouth.

When he had done speaking he offered me his snuff-box open. But I was so little used to such luxury that I am afraid I made something like a gesture of disgust. I was sorry when I had done so, because I had no desire to offend, and much to my relief he did not take offence, but only smiled. "Aye, aye," he said, as he drew back the box. "I wouldna have offered that to everybody, but you London folk are sae superfine."

I expressed my appreciation of the compliment he had paid me, and was proceeding to express my regret, but he brushed it aside with something like "umph." I fancy he knew as well as I did that I thought it a wretched

practice, and all my fine words were just so much chaff. He turned to other matters, somewhat abruptly.

"Aye, they've all come back to me, Mr. Kerrendel," he said, apparently referring to the Pomanders. "I did all their business for twenty years and more, and then they left me—I didna blame them—I've aye had plenty—but they had to come back to me. I always thought they would—always. There was something unchancy about that cousin o' theirs." He looked at me with an air of triumph when he had said that.

While he spoke I thought him perhaps a trifle self-satisfied in his way, but, on the other hand, no doubt he had justification; although I remember thinking it was small help to the Pomanders if all that was to happen by their going to Master Sturdy was, that he was to have the gratification of getting their title-deeds into his paws again, with the consequents thereof—the consequents being perhaps much the most important matter. But as he further expanded his theme, I thought again that I might be doing him an injustice.

"Mackairn was aye in such a desperate hurry about everything," he continued. "He couldna do things like an ordinary man, but was aye rushing and rushing. And it went down a' right for a bit, especially taken along with his flowery bit speeches in the Sheriff Court. The people thought poor old Sturdy would never be able to outface it at a', at a'. Poor old chap, he was past his best, some o' them said. A smart man in his day, and a' that. Ye ken the kind o' thing? And indeed, if it hadna been for my savings, and twa or three auld-fashioned folk like mysel', I wouldna ha' had a dog's chance." He stared at me meditatively as he spoke, and then suddenly his face brightened. "But the confidence in William Sturdy noo is somethin' past be-

leivin'." When he said that, his face was positively aglow with triumph, and as I saw it so illumined, it occurred to me that perhaps this obvious gratification of his was not merely the triumph of an agent rejoicing in the return of clients, and the prospect of a harvest of fees, but was something different. Perhaps it was a species of professional pride, something of the same class as the pride of John Pomander, on account of his position in the district. As John Pomander was or had been the leading farmer, leading elder, and I know not how many other leading things, so I was now in presence of the leading solicitor, the man who was entrusted with the affairs of the country-side. He had been partially deposed, but now he was restored to glory, and he knew it and rejoiced with a perfectly naïve simplicity.

He was quite practical-minded, however, and he passed out of that mood to current matters. "Well, well," he observed by way of transition, "Mackairn's gone to his last . . . um . . . resting-place, but he's left a lot o' little things behind him for me and others to redd up." That remark was a touch of Sturdy's modernity.

"I'm afraid there's nothing ye can do, Mr. Kerrendel," he continued. "The case comes on for proof, that is for trial, just a week hence, and if ye like to attend then just to see our Scots procedure in working, and for the fun o' the thing, good and well. But otherwise, I'm afraid ye canna be of much service."

I remember thinking that he was horribly cheerful in the circumstances. No doubt his triumph was legitimate, but nevertheless it was a triumph being secured at a very high cost to the Pomanders, and that deserved consideration. I ventured to say something of that kind. I think I said that I feared there wouldn't be much fun for the Pomanders.



But he refused to be depressed. "Hoot, toot," he said, "we're no done yet. No by any means. We've done quite well in puttin' them off so far, and we'll maybe hae three or four years o' litigation, and there's lots o' things may happen in that time. They'll maybe get tired o' it and compromise or—or—ye dinna ken what. But there's nae use getting doon-hearted. None at a'. If the worst comes to the worst the trust disposition, under which Mackairn and Pomander were acting, was prepared by Sandy Mackay."

He looked at me significantly when he said that, but his look conveyed nothing to me, and he proceeded to explain.

"I was an apprentice to Sandy Mackay—it's over forty years ago now—aye—serving him night and day, as mighty few apprentices do now (I'll wager Mackairn didna serve night and day). In that way I kent his ways. He was the most cautious deevil of a writer that ever ye saw.

"Well, he drew the deed, and stuck in all the immunity clauses in all the books, and a few more that he invented himsel', so that the blessed deed's just plastered wi' immunities; I suppose because he kened he wasna dealing wi' decent country folks, who'd take their losses like gentlemen and say nothin' about it, but wi' a pack of new-fangled gentry. Ye see, when he drew the deed, the people who took the Miggar estate had just come there, and though Mackay aye took their money, he never spoke about them as he would about any of the old county people. That was the difference, and so he stuck in these clauses to protect, so far as he could, the poor bodies that were unfortunate enough to become trustees. And, indeed, he wasna far wrong as it turns out."

"Then you think there is a chance of success," I said.

"Man, just listen to this," he said.

With that he picked up a printed paper and began to read detached portions from it in a desultory and exclamatory way.

"Declaring that the trustees shall not be liable for omissions or errors . . . or to do diligence further or otherwise than they think fit . . . nor *singuli in solidum* . . . but each for his own personal intromissions only . . . and each shall be liable to account only for funds actually received by himself . . . and no trustee . . . shall be liable for any loss whatever unless such loss shall arise from his own actual wilful fraud and that without limitation by reason of anything herein contained or otherwise."

Sturdy had put emphasis on various words in these passages, and he wound up the last with a vocal flourish.

When he had finished he looked at me hopefully. "Now all these clauses apply to Pomander," he said. "By death and assumption and one thing and another he and Mackairn were the sole trustees. (Mackairn had somehow got the estate into his hands along with the trust,' he interjected.) As trustees, they were the people entitled to the protection of these clauses, and Pomander as the sole surviving trustee is the person now entitled to plead them. As ye see, it's a deed with one o' the widest sets of immunity clauses that any conveyancer in Scotland could frame. If the clauses in that deed are no sufficient to protect Pomander, then there's no deed that can be drawn that would do it."

I noticed that while Sturdy constantly indicated hope, he never expressed anything approaching certainty, and I endeavored to press him. "You think, then," I said, "that the defence will be successful."

He looked at me, rather displeased, I think. "Ye're maybe no' a Scotch lawyer, Mr. Kerrendel," he said, "but anyhow, ye're a lawyer of a kind."

I bowed to this compliment to the law of England. Sturdy, however, paid no attention, but continued his remarks. "Being such a lawyer, ye must know that there's nothing more difficult than to prognosticate what may happen in the way of deciding a case. One can only offer an opinion on the subject." There he stopped.

"Well, what is your opinion?" I said.

He stared at me. I think he would have preferred not to commit himself to any opinion. "It's for advocates to give opinions," he said, "but since ye press me, my opinion is that if John Pomander can maybe display a wee thing of imagination in the witness-box—that is, if his memory should happen to work better there than when I took down his precognition, we'll maybe have a chance. But, if not—then I'm feared"—here he shook his head—"I'm feared it's a black look-oot."

That was all I could get out of him, and soon after I took leave, Sturdy attending me to the doorstep of the house where he conducted his business. He got my address before I left for some vague reason which I do not remember. Just as I was leaving he gave me an exhibition of another side of his nature, which I should not readily have credited. "Ye'll be seeing them again before ye go?"

I nodded.

"Ah, well, dinna say anything to depress them. They've got troubles enough without our adding to them. Cheer them up, Mr. Kerrendel, cheer them up. I daresay the lasses'll no' be sorry to have ye." He said this with his sardonic smile. "And dinna forget that there are great resources in the law of Scotland." So saying he turned inside the house.

## CHAPTER XV.

### FIAT JUSTITIA.

About a week after my meeting with Sturdy, I attended in the precincts of

the Law Courts, a class of place which I thought I had abandoned for life. But there was this difference, that the Courts which I now visited had a decidedly Scotch atmosphere, for I had taken Sturdy's advice, and combining my interest in the Pomander family with my supposed interest in legal procedure, I entered with mild curiosity the portals of the Parliament House.

There I found the Pomanders were before me. Bessie and Eva had apparently not been so utterly depressed as to prevent their making a jaunt out of the occasion, besides being anxious to be present in order to support their father. When I arrived I found them patrolling the house in charge of a young gentleman in wig and gown—the junior counsel for the defence of their papa—who, I thought, seemed to take considerably more interest in the daughters than in the troubles of their father. At the same time he seemed anxious to impress them with a sense of his importance, and shortly after my arrival he left in a sudden hurry as if extreme pressure of business called him away; or possibly he felt that he was eclipsed when an eminent English barrister had arrived! He could figure to himself the greatness of my eminence from Eva's description of me, which was certainly flattering.

After the departure of the defender of the family we idled about to the diversion of ourselves and of many young gentlemen in wigs and gowns, who were not at all bashful in turning admiring glances on the ladies. I am not sure whether they liked it or not. Partly yes, I fancy, and partly no, because behind everything else was their anxiety about their father, which would not permit them to be free in their thoughts. Their great anxiety was to see the judge who was to decide the family fortunes.

They had not to wait long to see him, but, before that happened, Sturdy came

up to us along with their father.

Sturdy was obviously assuming an air of galey, while Pomander was simply anxious. He had never been in a law-court as a witness before, and it was quite clear that he had no desire ever to be again.

Sturdy, on the other hand, had been there many a time, and probably liked the place. He made a few dry jokes, congratulated me on my presence, and said that I was standing in a historic place, which was true enough, no doubt, although I had no great interest in the matter at the moment. But it was like Sturdy to talk about such things at such a time. He was always an incomprehensible kind of a man, joking at times without a smile, and smiling at times when there was no apparent joke, as if he possessed some interior fund of merriment. The question I often asked myself on meeting him was—what was it that really animated the man? Was it fees, or was it natural litigiousity, or was it professional pride? Possibly an amalgam of them all, but to this day, though I have seen him in many positions, I think it would defy me to say how he would act in a given situation.

Anyway he acted very promptly in these days, and indeed on that morning, although he had his assumed galey, he was in reality very fidgety. Whenever the macers appeared, as they did from time to time, in the little round place like a pulpit at the top of the hall, and shouted the names of the cases, I could see him start with anxiety. The explanation of that became apparent when a macer with a stentorian voice appeared and shouted "Lord Balmuddle" ("Balmoddie" was the gentleman's name), "Proof."

"Now we're on," said Sturdy quite excitedly, and began to pilot the way up the hall. The macer continued to shout, "Miggar against Miggar's Trustees, Mr. Bolam, Mr. Marquis, agents,

Scrape & Scratcher, Barnfather & Mackail." Having completed his intimation the macer looked once fiercely down the house, then turned, descended from his rostrum, and disappeared majestically to his own place.

Sturdy conducted us to the door of the Court and there introduced us to Mr. Barnfather, his Edinburgh correspondent, to whose charge he committed us all, explaining that he himself could not enter the Court, as he was to be a witness.

On that matter Sturdy took me aside for a moment and gave me some explanations—why, I do not know. He could say anything he liked in the witness-box for all I cared, but, upon my word, I think the man was concerned for the credit of the profession in Scotland, that it should not be diminished in the eyes of an English lawyer, and that the Scotch lawyers should still retain their reputation for relevance. At least he took the trouble to explain to me that it was precious little he had to say, and the most of it was just d—d irrelevance, and he might not be allowed to say it, though it might maybe help a little if he was. But here he tapped me in the ribs with a knowing look as he said, "I ken Balmoddie fine. I was at the classes with him, and just for auld lang syne, and because it's no' a very bonnie case against a man like Pomander, he'll maybe allow me to say a wee thing more than some other people, ye see?" He looked at me in a most knowing fashion. "But all the same," he continued, again apparently anxious for the national prestige, "ye'll mind that these are particular circumstances, and he's a grand lawyer, Balmoddie, for a' that. But ye maun be goin' in." With that he left me, and I was conducted to a seat in the Court beside the family.

The most conspicuous object in the Court was certainly Lord Balmoddie—a stout little man with a rubicund and

good-humored face which shone wonderfully under a wig, which must either have been new or newly cleaned, for it was unusually white.

Even the unhappy circumstances were not sufficient to restrain Eva, and she whispered to me, "Isn't he fat?"

I assented. I had no option. Both the girls laughed.

Bessie wondered if he was married. I don't know why. Perhaps she speculated upon him as a possible husband.

Balmoddie himself looked down upon the girls with a more than fatherly interest. He seemed to be quite happy up there on his platform, and I could almost have sworn the old rascal smiled to the girls.

Altogether the Scotch Courts seemed to be much more homely than the English. Perhaps I should have flourished at the Scottish Bar.

Any reflections I may have had on that matter were disturbed by the opening of the case. The first witness for the pursuers entered the witness-box, and when he was done several other witnesses followed. But there was nothing interesting to me or to the family in what they said. The evidence for the pursuers was all more or less technical—the evidence of accountants and others who had examined books and could certify that the money was lost, etc. Well, we were all quite satisfied the money was lost. They occupied about half the day with that, and then came the defence and John Pomander.

I remember the sight of the old man as he entered the witness-box as if it were yesterday. I remember his white hairs. I remember him, broad-shouldered as he was, standing straight up, and looking up at the judge with a clear and open but anxious look. I remember seeing him raise a big, strong hand, and hold it up in the Scotch fashion while he swore to tell the

truth, and nothing but the truth. And I do not believe there was a man in that Court that day, for him or against him, but knew that he would tell the truth whatever the consequence.

Because he told the truth his evidence was taken in a surprisingly short time. His examination was over in half an hour. The cross-examination took no longer, I am sure.

The points that mattered stood out clearly from the rest.

He was asked in general if he had approved of the investments made from time to time. He said he had. Then he was taken over every one of the investments made, with the same question.

He was asked if, after approving of the investments, he had seen to it that the money was invested, and if he had examined the stock certificates and bonds representing the investments from time to time. At that he could only shake his head. At best he was not sure. He had seen some things. He did not know much about such things. He would not have known if a bond was a good bond even if he had seen it. He thought that was the lawyer's business.

At the end of his cross-examination things looked ill. But Lord Balmoddie intervened to ask a few questions, and practically the whole case was summed up in his queries. He asked his questions very courteously, and though that was well meant, I am afraid in result it tended rather to trap the old man. The kindly voice from the bench probably seemed to him to mean assistance, while it merely meant courtesy.

"Mr. Pomander," said Lord Balmoddie, "is it the case that while you approved the investments, you left the whole work of investing to your co-trustee?"

"That's how it was done, my Lord," said Pomander, quite eagerly.

Balmoddie nodded. "You thought that was his work?"

Pomander bowed.

"And you trusted Mr. Mackairn absolutely?"

"Yes, my Lord. Of course," added Pomander, "I did my duty so far as I knew. I went over the annual accounts, and I added them up myself—or maybe sometimes I got one of my daughters to do it." Here the old man brought his family into the case by indicating his daughters. "But if my daughters did it, that was just as good as myself," he added, believingly and pleadingly.

Balmoddie smiled, and so did many more. "I'm sure it was," the judge said; and then he thanked Pomander for his evidence, and with that, the old man's trial was over. With the judge's courtesy and smiles I think Pomander believed he had done quite well.

After that came William Sturdy. When he appeared I saw Balmoddie's face perceptibly brighten. He bowed to Sturdy, who returned the compliment, and thereafter they administered the oath. I say "they" advisedly, because it seemed to proceed in somewhat joint fashion.

Most of the evidence which Sturdy gave seemed certainly to have very little to do with the case. But he went on with it unabashed. And my recollection of his evidence is a confused haze, in which I see an excited counsel rising from time to time and saying in angry tones, "My Lord, this is not evidence."

And in answer I can see the placid face of Balmoddie looking benignly down from above, and I can hear him saying blandly, "What do you say to that . . . at, Mr. Marquis" (or "Mr. Flinders," the senior for the defence)?

In response to which Mr. Marquis or Mr. Flinders would address themselves to the point for several minutes, proving conclusively that by every legal canon known to mankind this was evi-

dence of the clearest possible character, and no one could dispute it.

Thereupon there would be a species of general scrimmage for a few moments, the dispute usually ending by the admission of Sturdy's evidence, the protest against it being noted.

I have no desire to charge the Scotch Courts with corruption, but I must say that it did look suspiciously like as if Lord Balmoddie exercised his judicial office in a somewhat easy-going way where Sturdy was concerned. Remembering the purist ideas of my youth, even the difficulties of the Pomanders could not altogether blind me to these irregularities.

When Sturdy came to the end of his examination I think he was very well satisfied, as indeed he well might be, for I fancy he had said everything he wanted to say. He had given a tremendous certificate of character to Pomander; he had flung in a few contemptuous references to the Miggars; under the semblance of giving evidence regarding certain investigations which he had made of Mackairn's books, he had somewhat confused the issue by drawing certain distinctions with the possibility, if judgment were adverse, of minimizing the loss; and in general he had done all that he could do as a man and a lawyer to help a bad case.

He was the last witness for the day, and when Balmoddie rose for the day he beckoned to Sturdy, and spoke a few words to him in private.

It turned out that he had invited him to dinner that evening.

When I met Sturdy next day he was rather downcast. I fancy he had had some hopes of winning the case, and Lord Balmoddie must have told him at dinner that it was useless.

In any event the judgment came a fortnight later, and I am afraid that it was only what even Pomander had come to expect.



I suppose the judgment was right and inevitable, which proves that Lord Balmuddle, even if he did allow Sturdy a good deal of licence, was nevertheless an upright judge. In addition to his quality of uprightness he added a humanity and consideration worthy of his other attributes.

The closing words of his judgment were these—

"The character of Mr. Pomander stands stainless. He acted according to the best knowledge which he possessed, and in the belief that he was doing all that it was his duty to do. It is his misfortune that he was related to, and acted as co-trustee along with a man of an entirely different character, in whom he placed a too exuberant trust. I sympathize deeply with Mr. Pomander

in the position in which he has been placed, but at the same time I cannot avoid the consequence that he has made himself responsible for the loss which has been sustained by this trust.

"This is just the old case so familiar to us all, of the two innocent parties, one of whom must suffer for the guilty. In this case the defender is the unfortunate sufferer."

Such was the judgment.

Pomander heard it alone, not having brought his daughters south for that time. After he had heard it he said little. He seemed as if dazed, and his chief idea appeared to be to get back to his home, the one place where he could find the sympathy which his simple heart wanted.

(To be continued.)

## TWO EPOCHS BEHIND THE FLEET STREET SCENES.

The two newspaper bogies, each equally the figment of ignorant imagination, used to be the Jesuits and the Jews. Each in turn, and one with as much absence of truth as the other, was declared by the gossips to pull the strings of Printing House Square; for during the period now recalled when people spoke of the newspaper they meant exclusively the *Times*. "Price One Penny," to-day considered the aristocratic figure, only became possible after the abolition of the Stamp Duty in 1855 had made the *Daily Telegraph* in that year the parent of the cheap press. Since then the history of English journalism has been the universal recognition of the twelfth part of a shilling as the "swagger" price for the morning broadsheet, with two farthings as the figure beyond which the average customer will not go. For more than the first half of the nineteenth century the *Times*, after the fashion now de-

scribed, personified whatever authority belonged to the entire press and concentrated in its handsome columns the sum of British newspaper influence. The "government journal" and the "organ of the city," formerly its two best known descriptions, meant that it reflected the ideas not of an especial administration but of the governing classes, and that the responsibility of its utterances, together with the accuracy of its world-wide news, made it the bulwark of the commercial community. The paper formerly lay in every bank-parlor, was conspicuously placed in every house of business, and was considered a credential of respectability when seen on the solicitor's or financial agent's table. All this belongs to the past, but while its news is early and accurate, and it presents an air of external superiority to its contemporaries, Continental readers will insist on attributing to it an authority and

inspiration, giving all its words an official significance. However unsuited to its august past some of its latter-day associations may seem, it differs from other newspapers in being a national institution; and only when it has entirely separated itself from its historic traditions can it cease to be the Delphic oracle of the Anglo-Saxon world. Calumny itself never implicated the newspaper in a suspicion of *tripotage*; and when in 1875 M. B. Sampson, the then city editor, was cast in a civil action that brought out some compromising evidence,<sup>1</sup> the same issue which reported the case announced that his connection with the paper had ceased.

The superstition of the Israelitish trail being over Fleet Street and its works, so far as it had any rational origin, arose from Delane's personal relationships with the Jewish representatives of *la haute finance* before and after the head of the Rothschilds was admitted to the seat in Parliament he had so often won. The Rothschilds' parties in Piccadilly and their different houses in the home counties and at Torquay brought together the most distinguished, the most interesting, the most talked of, and the most promising men of the time. In this way Benjamin Disraeli met Thomas Barnes, Delane's predecessor as editor of the *Times*. As a result of the acquaintance thus begun, the Runnymede Letters, a series of attacks in the manner of Junius on the Whig leaders, were published during 1836 in the *Times*, which had then been for some time in a strongly Conservative humor. The hospitality of his columns extended by Barnes to the future Earl of Beaconsfield was followed by a most cordial understanding between the statesman and the

newspaper under Delane, whose good offices were always remembered by Disraeli and acknowledged by the exclusive bestowal on Printing House Square of the early news with which public men can sometimes reward pet journalists. It was the withholding of such news from his own party organs by the Tory leader that caused Conservative editors to bewail the indifference or ingratitude of the great men whom so many smaller men throughout the length and breadth of Fleet Street were striving night and day to conciliate and serve. The most distinguished Semitic agencies of the time, then, secured for the first man of genius since the days of Canning the good will of the greatest English newspaper that ever existed. As regards the personal friendship uniting Disraeli with Delane, it was fostered by frequent meetings beneath the same Rothschild roofs that had first brought Disraeli and Barnes together. Out of details like these grew the myth of a connection between the synagogue and the editor's room.

The suspicion of the Jesuit shadow cast by busy rumor on the lily whiteness of the British broadsheet admits an explanation equally simple and innocent. When an Oxford undergraduate at Magdalen Hall and the only amateur in the university who could beat the marker "Duck-Legged Jim" at the old tennis court in Oriel Lane, Delane cultivated also more serious tastes which brought him powerfully under the influence of the future Cardinal Newman; he never missed his sermons at Saint Mary's, called on him more than once in his Oriel rooms, and never lost his hold of the Anglican tradition as conceived and expounded by the Tractarians.

Many of the earliest friends who became his most regular writers were in orders. Avoiding theological controversy to the best of his judgment, he was at no time really out of sympathy

<sup>1</sup> In this case, *Rubery v. Grant and Sampson*, the "*Times*" had charged Alfred Rubery with being a party to the gross fraud of 1872, known as the Great Californian Diamond Swindle, and the jury gave a verdict against Sampson, with £500 damages.

with the old English High Church school before Privy Council judgments had forced it into making common cause with the Ritualists. From the first his writers were in almost every case university men. And of these the best belonged to the High Church party. Thus Frederic Rogers, from 1860-66 Permanent Under-Secretary for the Colonies, from 1842-50 had made a deep mark in the leading columns of the *Times* and had shown great skill in letting those who could read between the lines see that his High Anglican and Roman friends need fear no serious attacks from Printing House Square. Meanwhile the anti-Protestant sympathies of the Oxford school were more or less shared by the *Morning Post*, *The Courier*, and *The Chronicle*. Of these the last, when controlled by Douglas Cook, had for its assistant editor the Rev. William Scott, of Hoxton, intimately associated with the Mozleys and from 1846 Douglas Cook's right-hand man in the *Saturday Review*. Individual members of the families now mentioned renounced Protestantism, thus giving fresh color to the Evangelical suggestion that the road of journalism generally led to Rome. By this time Tractarianism had matured its representation in Blackfriars in the person of the eldest Mozley's brother Tom, recognized by Delane at the beginning of his time as the most useful man-of-all-work the establishment ever possessed. There was no suspicion of clerical partisanship about another *Times* figure of Delane's earlier days, "Old Peter Fraser," who, when a young clergyman, not only manufactured a daily editorial but was constantly told off to reconnoitre the "man in the street." This he did by placing himself in representative haunts of business or pleasure, keeping his sharp ears indefatigably open, and then, on hearing words that gave a clue to popular feeling, hurrying back to the editor's room. Dr. H. A.

Woodham, fellow of Jesus, Cambridge, was another of the clerical dons whose annual output in the *Times* seldom fell below from two to three hundred leaders. Amongst university laymen, Robert Lowe, Viscount Sherbrooke, alone rivalled his clerical colleagues in the number and importance of his articles. For the late warden of Merton, G. C. Brodrick, whose "Opera Brodrickiana," a collection of *Times* articles bound up in two immense volumes, are still remembered, never achieved a staff appointment and was only, to use his words to myself, "a sort of odd man." Long after many cheap rivals had grown up under the shadow of Printing House Square the great newspaper remained the one model for all. Its authoritative manner and its general ideas were reproduced at least by one of the younger prints with success, winning for the *Daily Telegraph* the title of *Jupiter Junior*.

From the later 'sixties onwards the *Times* remained the archetypal print whose rare excellences all lesser sheets aimed at making their own. When people spoke of seeing the newspaper they meant primarily the organ of the Walter family; only they now, for the most part, included in the expression the most favored of its generally cheaper contemporaries. What held true of one, it was taken for granted, must be true of all.

The ascription to the journalistic class of the theological proclivities just mentioned derived fresh plausibility from another circumstance worth mentioning. Up to, as well as before, and even after the middle of the nineteenth century the Anglican clergy individually, like their Church, were in Disraeli's words "still reeling from the blow of Newman's secession." Many Oxford and Cambridge graduates, his past and present pupils, if they did not follow him to Rome, renounced their Protestant orders. Of this number some

went to the Bar. Many more took to private tutoring, schoolmastering, or obtained professorships at some of the new universities, English or Colonial, then heard of for the first time. Probably even more, encouraged by the examples of Rogers, Mozley, and their distinguished associates, settled in London to try their hand at periodical literature. That employment, if it was to supply a living wage, meant some kind of newspaper work, if not in the leading columns, in the sub-editor's department. The reporters' gallery in Parliament and the Law Courts gave an opening to scores of these highly educated men. Hence they overflowed into every newspaper walk, metropolitan or provincial. The Irish contingent, of course Catholics to a man, had long since taken possession of the field and now outnumbered or at least successfully rivalled the Protestant Scots. Details like these bring out in an instructive relief the contrast between the press of the Victorian age and that of the 20th century, as well as exorcise the two phantoms credited with pulling the Fleet Street strings. The one great lesson which the *Times* taught its smaller contemporaries was a self-respecting independence alike of parties, however powerful, and of individual leaders, notwithstanding their high place in popular, official, or Court favor. In 1837, four years before De-lane's editorship began, Lord Melbourne was not only Prime Minister but the political director and constitutional guide of the young Queen. By this date the *Times* had passed through its Whig and Tory, Liberal and Conservative periods. It was now strongly in opposition, and temporarily attached to Sir Robert Peel. As society and politics were then constituted, every consideration of interest must have prompted Printing House Square to stand well with the Court. Yet in its issue of June 29 the newspaper charged the Mel-

bourne Cabinet not only with warfare against the Protestant Church and State but with compelling the infant and all but helpless Queen to deliver up herself and her people to a band of visionary traitors. The reference here was to the Irish Roman Catholics whose support the Whigs had bought, a point three years earlier repeatedly labored by Disraeli in the *Runnymede Letters*, which at that time exactly suited the Conservative humor of the newspapers. As for the Queen turning Catholic after the manner predicted by Melbourne's Irish allies, was it forgotten that any lapse into "Popery" must at once involve the forfeiture of the British Crown?

The words have a historic interest as a specimen of the approved newspaper diction at the time. Language quite as strong was used every day by Stuart in the *Courier* and *Morning Post* and by Black or Perry in the *Chronicle*, and that the great newspaper's impartiality might be above suspicion it applied the same vocabulary to friend or foe. Of no man could the *Times* have deserved better than of T. B. Macaulay, whose style formed half the secret of Printing House Square's literary success; but the Whig historian had made himself fair game, and Barnes as editor showed his superiority to all personal consideration by his treatment of an old friend. On October 1, 1839, writing from Windsor Castle, Macaulay told his Edinburgh constituents of his having accepted the Secretaryship at War. What, asked the *Times*, had earned him this promotion? "What else but his cast-iron impudence? Set a beggar on horseback and our readers will know how he will ride. Mr. Babble Tongue Macaulay's letter furnishes a striking instance of that proverbial saying. His uncouth, uncomfortable presence has been obtruded on Her Majesty at Windsor, and the creature has actually

dared to date his letter to the canaille of the Edinburgh electors from Windsor. We would fain persuade ourselves that the Scotch papers had been hoaxing us and that Babble Tongue Macaulay addressed his epistle not from the Castle but from the Castle Tavern, Windsor, aye, and from the most proper part thereof for the purpose, namely the tap. But no; he has somehow or other been pitchforked into the palace; and though in all probability he has only been admitted for a guest and only for the purpose of being made fun of by Lord Melbourne and the Court ladies, still, the distinguished honor has given his brain another turn." The personal animus of these attacks has been ascribed to the bitterness against Macaulay felt by his old enemy and rival Lord Brougham, who, though he had left active politics in 1834, could never resist reasserting himself on any given opportunity, but Barnes never allowed the paper to be got at in this way any more than Delane or any of his successors. The truth is that the great newspaper had supported the Whigs on Reform but after 1832 turned bitterly against them about their foreign policy.

Enough has been said concerning the private circumstances and personal accidents in some degree explaining the anti-Evangelical or anti-Protestant bias, imaginary rather than real, that fluttered certain denominational dovescotes from 1832 to 1860. The editor under whom the High Anglicans from Mozley to Rogers wrote, Delane, was himself as far removed from any kind of fanaticism or even fervor as he was from infidelity. He had as many acquaintances among the prosperous and powerful Jews as among all bodies of Christians, whatever their relations to the existing order in Church or State. The religious scales were held by him with unflinching steadiness. On Guy Fawkes' Day, 1850, he published a letter from

Disraeli, as the Tory-Protestant chief, about what had recently passed between the Irish Viceroy and the Roman hierarchy. A little later, however, on December 9, he characteristically published Charles Greville's famous letter on the Papal Aggression. The polemics of Conservative-Protestantism, it was now pointed out, involved a deadly sin against the essential spirit of Christianity. This incident was closed by the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, passed with a majority of 495 to 428, March 27, 1851. Facts, the newspaper admitted, did not favor its plea for religious tolerance all round. So much the worse then, continued the writer, for the facts, leaving as they did the whole question unsettled. And so it proved. From the day of the measure being placed on the Statute Book it became a dead letter.

"Nobbling the press" had become a familiar phrase at the date now recalled. But the process in every case came to an abrupt end almost before it had begun. In all measures of this kind, Delane regarded his power as a responsibility not limited to Printing House Square. "My position," he said, in words heard by the present writer, "cannot but make me in some sort a trustee for the well-being of the comity of journalism." If that were to be dominated by party, personal, or commercial considerations, the newspaper system would have received a blow from which recovery might be impossible. The best commentary on this prophetic warning is the *régime* which it has taken a little more than a generation to effect in the establishment, where, till 1879, J. T. Delane and John Walter ruled as co-equal powers. Such an arrangement or anything at all like it could no longer be possible amid the Fleet Street transformations of our own time. By 1911 the *Times* had reconstituted itself on a commercial basis—an interest in it having been acquired



by the Rothschilds as well as by Sir John Ellerman, but the predominating share and the absolute control of the paper having passed to the newspaper monopolist who, at the present time, speaks through at least as many journals as there are days in the week. Not that with its men and its methods the great newspaper has changed its identity or has ceased to supply far the most complete and accurate compendium of the world's contemporary record for each preceding twenty-four hours. Its correspondence and information from every quarter are maintained at their old average of unrivalled excellence.

The "Letters to the Editor" and the occasional headed articles by experts in their special province formed links uniting the great journal with the palmiest periods of its historic past. As regards the literary preparation of its contents the difference between the Delanian and the existing dispensation is this. Once satisfied of his capacity, Delane gave his leader writer, as far as possible, a free hand and invited him to express his own views, subject of course to the editorial revision. What happened on the *Times* was the case elsewhere, with a result that the article writer of a first-class journal acquired a good deal of influence, provided he had the discretion to exercise it quietly and kept himself free from the suspicion of grinding any axe of his own. What might happen when these qualities were not forthcoming showed itself in many once familiar journalistic incidents, the most memorable as well as instructive being the Reeve, Dasent, and Delane episode, that by way of illustrating the point mentioned may be now briefly recalled. Henry Reeve, Registrar of the Privy Council and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, from the self-consequence he assumed, from his grandiose and dictatorial manner, was

known in Blackfriars as "Il Pomposo," and in society was for years the butt of Mrs. Grote's sharp-tongued wit, which never expended itself with more effect than when her visitor complained that the steep ascent to her house had almost broken his horse's back. "That," rejoined the lady, "is because you carry the new number of the *Edinburgh* in your pocket." Reeve, of course, was really an excellent and widely informed writer on all European affairs. His Tuesday foreign politics articles had long been features in the paper. His mistake was to consider himself the indispensable man, to pose as the power behind the scenes and so infringe the editorial prerogative. In 1855, Delane was absent on holiday, leaving in charge G. W. Dasent. The deputy edited one of "Il Pomposo's" leaders more severely than the contributor considered respectful to himself. Reeve therefore showed his resentment in an attempt to bully Dasent: for the future what he wrote must not be subject to the indignity of alteration. When this demand on the deputy editor had failed, he appealed to the proprietor, John Walter, and to Delane himself. Each of these maintained Dasent; Reeve therefore resigned, to the entire satisfaction of all concerned with the paper. Ever since he began writing for it, he had, said Delane, given himself out to his fine friends at home and the eminent personages with whom he had rubbed shoulders abroad as the controlling spirit.

As will presently be shown with some detail, internal convulsions of the sort that Henry Reeve perhaps thought might follow his retirement from the *Times* actually occurred on the *Standard* in 1874 and on the *Daily News* in 1886. In neither of these cases, however, did the difficulty arise from a masterful contributor's claims to override his editor, but from an editor's alleged indifference to the interest, task,

or authority of his proprietor. And the same sort of thing constantly happened elsewhere, and generally in something like this manner. The managers of the party which a newspaper represented complained to the owner of his editor's neglect of official hints and indifference to the pleasure of the party chiefs. Then came the proprietor's suggestion of communications between himself and the magnates of Whitehall or Pall Mall. If sure of his ground and a man of first-rate calibre, the editor not only cared for none of these things but defeated the whole movement and enjoyed undisturbed peace with unchallenged power during the remainder of his time. The journalistic administration now in fashion rules out any accounts of the kind now mentioned.

To-day no room is left for the recurrence of personal friction between employer and employed. The syndicate or its controlling "boss" provides himself with sharp paragraphists and adroit correspondents, but avoids anyone who might come so near to his throne as an editor or even leader writer of the old eminence.

With one or two temporary rather than permanent exceptions the personal intercourse between proprietor and editor appeared to the society in which they moved courteous and almost cordial. According to the generally received account the initiative in his abandonment of the chair he had occupied for thirty-six years came in 1877 from the great editor himself. That account does not entirely agree with other evidence on the subject, that of Delane's intimate friend, Abraham Hayward, who told the present writer a year or two after the event that he had seen the brief epistolary *congé* from Walter, to the following effect: "My dear Delane," so ran the lines copied out by Hayward from memory, "the time has come when it is now no longer to your interest or that of the

*Times* that you should remain its editor. Your retiring pension will be £—, and your successor will be Mr. Chenery, whose talents and accomplishments we all appreciate." This was an instance of that promotion for merit only which in the period previous to "boss" control, being practically universal, greatly conduced to smoothness and efficiency in the domestic economy of newspaper offices. For the rest it may be recalled that Chenery in the whole province of foreign politics had long filled the place which was formerly Reeve's, and may thus himself be described as the predecessor of men like Sir Mackenzie Wallace and Sir Valentine Chirol.

"Too old at sixty" and the now familiar phrase first came into currency with the report of Delane's superannuation; for the retiring editor had only just fulfilled three-score years. To most of his friends he seemed so well that he might have looked forward to a much longer lease of power and work. But he made, of course, no complaint; he had the satisfaction of seeing his work live after him in the methods of his successor, and died before the realization of his prophetic misgivings as to the decisive influence of foreign capital alike on society and on the press. During the two years of life left to him he was constantly visited not only by his Dasent relatives and his successor at Blackfriars but by the only two of his old intimates that survived, the already mentioned Hayward and *Eothen* Kinglake. On those occasions no word passed about the real and immediate cause of Walter's letter, or as to whether it could have been prompted by any other circumstance than the need of infusing new blood into Printing House Square.

The change effected during the last four decades in the editorial office and in the calibre of its occupants will be the better understood from what happened in the case of the two chief Con-

servative and Liberal organs respectively in the penny press. Both these instances form an instructive contrast to the journalistic condition now existing, because they exemplify the jealousy of his editor which a proprietor might then feel, but which could not from the very nature of things enter into the relations between the two. The *Standard* in the shape that the world knows it to-day was recreated as a penny morning paper in 1858 by James Johnstone, the head of a well-known accountants' firm; he took for its editor the son of an old business friend, Thomas Hamber, an ex-captain of the Foreign Legion in the Crimean War, possessing a more or less distinguished school and college acquaintanceship, well thought of by Disraeli, and the Oxford contemporary of some of his Cabinet colleagues, among them Lord Salisbury and Ward Hunt; while at Oriel Hamber had been of the same year as Lord Goschen. As an editor he showed something of the present Lord Burnham's quickness in seeing the points his leader writers should make, and in this respect, exactly modelling himself on Delane, developed a happy knack of quietly and it seemed almost unconsciously using his opportunities to prime himself and his writers with the official ideas and early news that he made one of the paper's best traditions. He enjoyed great popularity in the various very different circles of which he long remained a figure. Whether the reason was that Hamber seemed wanting in purely business qualities, was too masterful in his treatment of the party managers, or in clubs and elsewhere somewhat eclipsed his proprietor in importance, Johnstone sent his lawyer one fine morning to Hamber's little home at Chiswick with a letter informing him that his connection with Shoe Lane was at an end, and containing a cheque for six months' salary. The other incident

that I have bracketed with this happened some twelve years later. Frank Harrison Hill, formerly a leader writer for the *Daily News*, had been for some years its editor, with the late Sir J. R. Robinson as manager. Robinson, in addition to his great business capacities and sound literary judgment, displayed extraordinary address and tact in dealing with his proprietors, then including such a motley of personal contrasts as the late Henry Labouchere, the evangelical philanthropist Samuel Morley, and Mr. Henry Oppenheim. He had mixed intimately with the Fleet Street men trained to journalism by Charles Dickens and had a surer instinct than his editor for the sort of "copy" that the public wanted. Of that he had given triumphant proof when, acting entirely on his own responsibility and initiative, he secured Archibald Forbes as correspondent in the Franco-Prussian War and "Labby" himself as the besieged correspondent in Paris. He had also revived with brilliant results the personal sketches of Parliamentary doings which, by E. M. Whitty first, and William White afterwards, had formed brilliant features in earlier Victorian journalism. The pen that Robinson was fortunate enough to secure for this work in the *Daily News* belonged to Sir H. W. Lucy, who soon afterwards made two other "hits" elsewhere, as one of the hands under the clock in the *World*, and as the still world-wide, entertaining, and famous "Toby, M.P." in *Punch*.

The paper had not of late been doing as well as its owners thought with brighter management it might. Hill was not in personal favor with the Liberal or Radical leaders, resented any interference from his proprietors, and did not always hit it off with the manager, who justly enjoyed an entire confidence. Sir Henry Lucy had then reached the height of a literary popu-

larity which he has since not only maintained, but steadily increased. Nothing therefore could be more natural than that the *Daily News* authorities should press him to overcome his reluctance to supersede his old chief and without further waiting fill the editorial chair which they had decided Hill should vacate. About a year afterwards Bouverie Street once more required a new editor. With much satisfaction to himself Sir Henry Lucy resumed his speaking pictures of House of Commons life; and J. R. Robinson now at length combined with the editorial title the editorial power, virtually vested in him ever since, some twenty years earlier, the relations between Edward Dicey, for a short time editor, and E. F. S. Pigott opened the long series of disturbances in the Bouverie Street atmosphere. Personal changes like those just mentioned in the domestic economy of the press were a good deal talked about at the time, and the conduct of those concerned in them was much canvassed by their critics or partisans. Could anything of the same sort happen to-day, it would scarcely be noticed in the gossip column still supplied by "Our London Correspondent" to a provincial weekly. The individual capitalist or the syndicate manager in the interests of his associates and himself who now dominates Fleet Street, would have nothing to do, even could he find them, with editors or even writers of the old calibre. To him, from the literary point of view, the newspaper is not an organ but a platform from which some notability of the moment addresses the public on a subject he has made specially his own, just as ex-convicts of noble birth or the heroes and heroines of some experience of exceptional horror find themselves beset by offers of a nightly turn from competitive music-hall proprietors. Dying in 1879, Delane lived long enough to

note the early inroads into newspaper ownership made by commercial speculators, for the most part of foreign birth. They have, he said, already got their evening and weekly papers. Their ambition will not be satisfied till they have made themselves masters of the entire press. They will, he continued, alternately bleed it, finance it, and end by morally, if not materially, destroying it, or rather changing it out of all knowledge. Destruction is, of course, impossible in such a case, as it would be in that of any other institution, but the process of transformation as to men, methods, and manners took all interested observers so much by surprise at the beginning of the present century that they refused to believe in the permanence of the change, involving as it has done the wholesale removal of the old school of editors. The present Lord Burnham and his deputies, the late Lord Glenesk, Frederick Greenwood, and W. H. Mudford, might all be bracketed with Delane himself. Individually and collectively, their work in increasing the power, prosperity, and prestige of the journalistic calling may not even yet have quite ceased to bear its fruit. Each of these, like Delane himself, combined a free hand for writers they usually could trust with the "policy of the paper." Leader writing and correspondence, therefore, became a profitable as well as an honorable calling. In Shoe Lane, Mudford, on his retirement, was followed by G. Byrom Curtis, a man trained entirely by himself. The sudden severance of his connection with the *Standard* because of the denial to him as editor of a voice in its policy inaugurated the establishment of the new journalistic régime. Curtis got his pecuniary solatium for undue dismissal, but the "boss" remained master of the field. From the Imperial Courts of Justice to St. Paul's Cathedral, to say nothing of the

smaller journalistic precincts abutting on the central thoroughfare, syndicates of cosmopolitan *personnel*, with their army of managers, agents, secretaries, and under-secretaries, occupied the premises formerly portioned out between editors, with their staffs and the other departments connected with them. The newspaper contents bills sufficiently indicate the nature of the commodities as regards information and comment in which it is found most profitable to deal. The really important items of the world's diurnal record, if not exceptionally attractive, can be despatched in a very few paragraphs. There is no stint in the space allowed to business undertakings of interest to those who have a share in the journal or to announcements likely to act as baits to advertisers.

Now, as always, "price one penny," still more one halfpenny, lives not by its circulation but by its advertisements. The newspaper owner must indeed by actuarial returns be able to guarantee his customer the requisite publicity. That condition once fulfilled, there is no object in the multiplication of sales. When the *Daily Telegraph* first grew to its present bulk it was a Fleet Street paradox that the excess of copies it printed over what was necessary to keep up its advertisements might make the unlimited demand for copies a doubtful boon. This journal was indeed the first to show the revenues that might be yielded by columns of print judiciously used for bringing into touch with each other individuals and whole classes who would otherwise have remained strangers. To-day the *Daily Telegraph* has its rivals sold at half its price. Unlike them, it has always resisted the temptation of becoming a trade circular, and has shown, as it continues to do, that "the largest circulation in the world" is consistent with, if not promoted by, high literary qualities.

Neither the social interest nor the political intelligence always displayed by the oldest penny paper seems much of an object to the journalistic enterprise that its example aroused. There need only be a quickness and accuracy in understanding the literary minimum with which the public will be content. Thus in 1906 the Fleet Street "boss" discovered that the Unionist tone of the London papers did not prevent a decisive Unionist rout, and that the Liberal sympathies of the *Manchester Guardian*, the most ably conducted among provincial journals, had failed to produce any effect upon Lancashire Toryism. The business conclusion, therefore, was irresistible that the leading article had become a negligible quantity. It seemed a sound conclusion that this costly item in newspaper expenditure might be extensively reduced, reduced to a moiety of its traditional dimensions, or practically replaced by the signed article of a notoriety-hunting pen or the "communiqué" whose author might directly or indirectly pay for its insertion. The twentieth century, therefore, has witnessed the decline, if not the entire disappearance, of the most responsible, remunerative, and satisfactory work done for decades by the journalist of the better sort.

Far more paying and cheap than the leader is the sensational "copy" that, set off by a flaming headline on the bill, often sells a whole edition. Verbatim reports of criminal actions, of salacious trials, and of private scandals are dirt cheap to buy and with a few telling words of spicy comment never fail to take with the public of the pavement. The Fleet Street operator of the latest type, having relieved his columns of such costly surplusage as original comment, might be expected to freshen and perfect all that concerns his news department. At a crisis like that through which we



are now passing, he might, one would think, consider it worth his while daily to supply trustworthy and original tidings from the various seats of war. Instead of that he gives us from day to day and from week to week a *réchauffé* of unauthenticated reports which have done duty not only before but in more places than one, and whose only novelty comes from the constant change of names in connection with the casualties recorded. More and more readers are thus held on the cruel rack of a torturing suspense; but the "specials" and the "extra-specials" go off like wildfire; and the "boss" will have his reward in the swaying dividends to be announced at the next meeting of his company. This indeed was to be expected.

Henry Reeve, of whose place in nineteenth century journalism enough has already been said, was charged by Delane with never being satisfied unless he could sell the information he had taken the trouble of collecting three or four times over. That also is the principle acted on by the latter day leviathan of the press, who, hav-

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ing in the first instance bought in the cheapest market his latest news, proceeds to sell it as many times over as there are sheets coming within the sphere of his influence.

Never could a public press, commanding the confidence of its readers, have performed its duty, at once so essential and so beneficent, better than at the present moment, by supporting with cautious and well digested tidings from the seat of war its protest against the mere beginnings of panic. Formerly, during the Egyptian and South African wars of the nineteenth century, the newspaper effectually fulfilled this salutary function. Nothing of the sort, it is to be feared, can be possible now, not so much because war correspondents are kept from headquarters as because in abdicating their position of guides and moderators of popular feeling so many of our daily journals have forfeited their old claim to public faith by degenerating, as their purchasers see reason to suspect, into something almost indistinguishable from the trade circular.

T. H. S. Escott.

## THE GERMAN SPIRIT.

The present war is a conflict, which admits no truce or reconciliation, between two conceptions and ideals of life. Liberty, democracy, and the moral law, are ranged in battle order against physical force, militarism, and the claims for universal domination.

The German spirit, once idealistic and humanitarian, has developed into the opposite of itself. Heine could reasonably describe the Germans as "a speculative people, Ideologues, thinking backwards and forwards, dreamers who only live in the past or the future, and have no present." But no longer do they willingly see in Hamlet,

the dreamer who would be a man of action if only he could cease to think and ponder, their own national type and image. The successful wars of 1864, 1866, and 1870-1, and the notable expansion of German commerce, have intervened. Faust, however, still remains the acknowledged symbol and mirror of their mind and character. "Two souls, alas! reside within my breast, and each withdraws from, and repels, its brother." It is the purpose of the following pages to show that Germany, instead of harmonizing its divergent tendencies, as is sometimes claimed, has made an unholy alliance

between its idealism and its realism. The ideals of the Germans have come to be brutal and material; their lust of practical power is based upon those "vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires, blown up with high conceits, engendering pride," which, according to Milton, are the motives of the apostate angel.

The conspicuous institutions of Germany are the school and the barrack. The one is the complement of the other. From the universities proceed that love of country and firm belief in its future destiny, which have permeated all classes. The professor, and above all the professor of history, enjoys an influence to a degree unknown elsewhere. Niebuhr already, and Ranke, had advocated the claims of Prussia to the hegemony of the German-speaking states. After 1850, Sybel, Mommsen, Häusser, Droysen, Giesebrecht, all writing from the Prussian point of view, fostered patriotism to the height. And they were self-proclaimed realists, applying to history and politics the methods of natural science. They anticipated Darwin in promulgating the doctrines of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest; or rather, they accepted as supreme those laws of nature which Darwin himself subordinated to the play of moral qualities in the human sphere.

Of these historians, Treitschke was the last and most notorious. Germany is the work of Prussia; Prussia of its army; and its army of its kings. That was his theme. Ruskin indeed, studying the history of these kings in Carlyle's account of the predecessors of Frederick the Great, was troubled by "continually increasing doubt how far the machinery and discipline of war, under which they learnt the art of government, was essential for such lesson." Even so far back as 1645, at the Conference of Münster, the Swedish

ambassador felt constrained to describe with bitter and accurate irony the philosophy of the Hohenzollern family. "God speaks no longer to princes by prophets and dreams; there is a divine calling wherever there is a favorable opportunity to attack a neighbor and extend one's own frontiers." But Treitschke, misapplying his Darwinism, is spared all scruple. "The historical rôle of Prussia began in the days when this Power incorporated, one after the other, the German states for which the hour of death had sounded." He was ever ready with his triumphant chant of *Vae Victis*: woe to the weak, unfitted to survive. "Pure and impartial history could never suit a proud and warlike nation." And his voice, if of the loudest, was but one among many. David Friedrich Strauss, politician, Hegelian, author of the "*Leben Jesu*," declared that Prussia never made any but "holy" wars—holy, since the unity of Germany was due to them. The war of 1870 was "a work of public salubrity accomplished by Germany, France being rotten to the marrow." All nations are rotten to the marrow who stand in the way of Prussia, or cast a shadow upon Germany's rightful "place in the sun."

Jena and Sedan, the crushing defeat or the crowning victory—Prussian history pivots on these. But for the disaster of Jena, Prussia could not have achieved the triumph of Sedan, could not have stood forth the appointed instrument to fulfil the "historical mission" of Germanism. To further this mission, Prussian hegemony in Germany was necessary; and Prussian hegemony could only be established by war. Didon, studying in the German universities at the beginning of the 'eighties, found it universally accepted that "German unity could not have been accomplished without force and violence; it implied on the part of Prussia that policy of

ruse and audacity consisting in the skilful preparation for conflict, in playing the part of the offended one, and in risking the future in a game of dice with victory." Sedan or Jena, in this present war. "Downfall, or World-Power?" asks Bernhardt, Treitschke's military disciple, ready, along with his nation, for that policy of adventure, of gambling risk, which Nietzsche advocated as a chief law of conduct.

War is the sum of German realism. German policy is the reflex of what occurs in the animal kingdom. The philosophical historians and their military followers celebrate the happy necessity of war with deepest fervor. They re-echo the old Greek philosopher, with his "war is the father of all things," and Hobbes, who discovered the natural law to be "the war of every man against every man"—a law that was regulated by "kings and persons of sovereign authority," who are "in the state and posture of gladiators" and "uphold thereby the industry of their subjects." The Industrial period, which is supposed, by merely trading nations, to have superseded the period of Militarism, is nothing but a state of war, barely latent. War itself is a form of industry, bringing profit.

"The one unpardonable sin," according to Treitschke, is "the failure to use one's might."

"Troops always ready to act," said Frederick, the arch-model of the House of Hohenzollern, "my war-chest well filled, and the vivacity of my character, were my reasons for making war against Marie Therèse, Queen of Bohemia and Hungary. Ambition, interest, the desire of making a name, carried the day with me, and I determined on war."

He could refute Machiavelli before he became master of the State, and practise his doctrine afterwards. The first principle of realistic politics is that there are no principles, except those

of self-interest. There are only opportunities, and these are fugitive. He is the best diplomatist who watches for the fit occasion to attack.

War! war! "The living God (says Treitschke) will take care that war shall always return as a frightful medicine for the human race." "War," says Marshal von der Goltz, "is the right education of the people, and the true centre of national culture." Should Germany not be sound, then "war," says Treitschke, "is the sole remedy." Should there be any internal difficulties in the German Empire (such as the increasing power of the Social Democrats), then "a people that wishes to maintain its equilibrium must stir itself up from time to time by war." Roon declared that "the question of the Duchies (Schleswig-Holstein) is not a question of right, but a question of might; and we have the might." "To the end of time," says Treitschke, "weapons will maintain the right; and therein lies the holliness of war." Might will be right, for at once, when war is proclaimed, there is "a new rectification of boundaries corresponding with the reality of might displayed."

But what of the Germans, or even the Prussians, who are not connected with the army, the university, or the bureaucracy? Maximilian Harden, the well-known journalist, said last year: "Few people think of war. We need peace too much. War would compromise the results of the considerable efforts of these forty years which have given Germany considerable power; those who reflect on this cannot desire war, and, as Germans, we do not love it for itself." Sudermann, the second German dramatist of the epoch, calling attention to the fact that the German people, "laborious and pacific," has full confidence in the Emperor and the Government, expressed his conviction that Prussia and Germany, ever since

the Middle Ages, have never fought but in self-defence, except when their intention was to "constitute themselves," as in the war of 1870-1. But what of their openly proclaimed intention to "constitute themselves" as the "World-Power"? Alfred Kerr, literary man and editor, still in the same year, was as realistic as you please, "looking facts in the face"—biological facts—as Treitschke bids his disciples do:

"Nothing can hold out against historical fatalities. The German arrives, with his rich blood, and I think his hour is come. The law of life requires that the less strong shall be eliminated; the true conquerors are the hungry. And we are the hungry. The money we have gained has given us a taste for more; the well-being we have conquered has increased our appetite. When the German looks round about the world, he finds that he has come off badly, and that what is left him is only the scraps of a good meal. But this division, in his thoughts, is only provisional."

As "war," says Treitschke, "is the sphere in which the triumph of human reason displays itself most conspicuously," and its "majesty consists in the fact that murder can here be committed without passion," so the conception of the Prussian State is equally in conformity with reason. Formulated in advance by Hegel, it is idealistic; and realistic, as in full agreement with the biological law. "Radicals," says Treitschke, "pretend that the State springs from the free consent of citizens. History, on the contrary, teaches us that, most usually, States are founded against the wills of citizens by conquest and domination." "Whoever is not manly enough to look the truth in the face, that the State above all is might, had better leave politics alone." "Will is the essence of the State." And will, to Treitschke as to Nietzsche, is the

"Will to Power," the will to conquer and dominate.

Moreover, as the German army is invincible, so the State, the Prussian autocracy, is infallible in its methods and aims. "Thanks be to God," cried Moltke, "the old patriarchal régime, the old theory that people are to be made happy in spite of themselves, still subsists in Prussia, in spite of progress"; while Bismarck had his own way of eulogizing Prussian mastery: "Prussia is like a flannel-waistcoat; disagreeable at first, and scratchy—but it's warm and sticks well to the skin." Thus, there is no room for the exercise of public opinion; the bureaucracy, that third institution of Germany, supplies such information as is needed.

But there is such a thing as responsibility? Ministers are responsible to an abstraction; to the non-moral—or immoral—State. "Austria does not want war," said a diplomatist to Bismarck, "and it will avoid giving you a pretext for it." To which the future Chancellor replied: "I have a pocketful of pretexts and plausible causes." It was the same in the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. "Blessed," says Delbrück, the successor of Mommsen, "is the hand that falsified the despatch of Ems," and thereby provoked the war. Bismarck, later, acknowledged the falsification; and German historians approve it, in full agreement with Zarathustra-Nietzsche: "A good cause, you say, sanctifies every war. But I say unto you: it is a good war that sanctifies every cause." And the pledged word, the treaties signed? "All treaties," Treitschke declares, "are written with the clause understood: so long as things remain as they are at present." "If the statesman perceives that standing treaties no longer represent the real conditions of power, and cannot attain his purpose by friendly diplomacy, then"—it

must be "war." And further: "The statesman has no right to warm his hands at the smoking ruin of his Fatherland with the pleasant self-praise that he has never lied. That is merely a monkish virtue." Might is right. It is the duty of ministers to collaborate with Destiny. And the German nation, headed by Prussia, is destined to rule the world.

After 1870, no longer France, but England, was the enemy. The Crown Prince, now the Emperor, said to his French tutor: "When the pointed helmet (Germany) and the red breeches (France) march together, *gare à Carthage*"—woe to England, the trading State. Since then, to his expressed chagrin, he has vainly wooed France to his side; while the historians, his masters, and the German nation at large are unable to understand why France should not be content to live upon the reputation of its past. England, the robber and pirate, is the one enemy. "With the English," says Treitschke, "love of money has crushed all feeling of honor, and all distinctions of just and unjust. They hide their poltroonery behind lofty phrases of unctuous theology." Whereas Germany openly proclaims that might is right, and that is just which is to the interest of Germany. The English "sacrifice all to profit," while Germany is idealistic. The British Empire is the result of chance and trickery. While it was building, Germany was "too busy with its neighbors"—too busy with philosophy, said Heine—to notice that "England was grabbing the world." Germany has entered late upon its construction of a world-empire:

"In the present division of the extra-European world, Germany has always had too small a share. It is now a question that concerns our existence as a great state whether we can become a power beyond the sea.

Otherwise we have the hideous prospect of England and Russia parcelling out the world; and it is hard to say whether the Russian knout or the English money-bag is the more immoral and horrible."

It may be necessary to crush France once more, and to thrust back the menace of Muscovitic barbarism, but with England it is merely a question of the strong nation wresting an ill-gained empire from a nation that is weak and effete. For Germany is convinced of English decadence; the colonies are loosely tied to the mother-country; there is a complete inability to effect a Customs Union within the empire; above all, England cares so little for empire that her sons refuse national service under arms, refuse that sacrifice which the sons of Germany so proudly make. In short, says Treitschke, "a State like England, which does not exercise the might of arms, is no longer a State." The task of conquering England is easy. For now, even more than when Didon wrote in 1883, "no German is to be found who does not consider his nation invincible by the number and worth of its soldiers, the ability of its chiefs, the superiority of its organization and of its armaments." For England there is nothing but hatred and contempt. Why tax Germans for the building up of German colonies? It is finer and more popular policy to employ one's money upon the increase of armaments which, sooner or later, shall set their grasp upon the English colonies, already equipped and so much better situated.

After war, the State, while not ceasing to be biological and "beyond morality," condescends to the peaceful conquests of German Idealism. A subdued world is to participate in the benefits of German Culture. As Treitschke promises: "The State, the Prussian State, when supreme, will



recognize that physical might is only a means to guard and further the higher goods of humanity." Only, one remembers how Ranke, after 1870, failed to discover the "purifying action" which, he had hoped, would result from the war. "All menaces ruin; religion is undermined. . . . There is nothing left but industrialism and money." And one remembers how Treitschke, in 1895, drawing towards his end, and regarded askance by the Emperor because of certain veiled criticisms, publicly deplored the fact that:

"Everything is becoming more barbarous in morals, politics, and life. . . . Much that one thought of as associated only with the Roman Empire of the Decline is in reality brought about, in our midst, by that intensive culture of large cities which, in turn, besets us . . . One would say that the crash of arms has caused to spring up a new race of Bœotians, and is about to stifle all intelligence of the arts and sciences."

Quite apart from the manifestations of German Idealism in action, of which we now hear day by day, it is worth while for a moment to consider this "Culture," so vaunted and flaunted before us. Nations, and national cultures, are interdependent. Kant (with Scotch blood in his veins) is unthinkable without Locke, Berkeley, Hume; Fichte without Berkeley; Schelling and Hegel without Spinoza, the neo-Platonists of Alexandria, and Brahminism; Schopenhauer without Buddhism; Nietzsche without Hobbes and Gobineau. There is full acknowledgment how vast is the debt of German literature, in its onward stages, to Shakespeare and Rousseau; to Scott and Byron; to Dickens. For the last forty years, German literature, assimilating Ibsen, Tolstoy, Maeterlinck, Guy de Maupassant, Walt Whitman, Wilde and Shaw, is in no way superior to, or even equally important with, the literatures of neighboring countries.

Hauptmann, its most conspicuous figure, is Slav in his inspiration. For German art, fully worthy of the name, we still have to look backward to Dürer and Holbein. Even in music, the classical period, from Bach to Brahms, has seemingly reached its close; Wagner and Richard Strauss are of the Titanic and florid period that so often heralds the decay of an art; the most interesting works of the immediate present are Russian; while the savants are laborious, methodical, and cosmopolitan, as they have ever been.

Without being conquered, the world is fully able to appreciate German thought and art. But are these "Culture"? Houston Stewart Chamberlain, son-in-law of Wagner, and Viennese by adoption, fervent in the praise of things German, draws a distinction between culture and civilization. "There is a Chinese civilization, but not a French or a German." Nietzsche maintained that, "as far as Germany extends, it stifles culture." In a pamphlet, proceeding on the lines laid down by Chamberlain, a copy of which is said to have been presented by the Emperor to Mr. Roosevelt—a pamphlet in which the Emperor himself is exhibited much as a Messiah of the German Spirit—it is pointed out that it is England, and not Germany, that possesses the most definite form of culture, expressed not only in its politics and artistic movement, but still more characteristically in its methods of education, its sports, stock-breeding, domestic architecture, furniture, in brief the framework of its daily life. Whereas German culture is still to be inaugurated, is a matter of the future. And meanwhile, the anonymous author urged, let the nation aid the Emperor in creating an invincible navy. It is only because of "the mediocrity of Teutonic taste," that Germany neglects its duty. The one thing needful is an

enormous increase of armed force, and the things of the soul shall be added to this force.

Although the sceptical elements in Kant's philosophy have allowed a not very conspicuous body of neo-Kantians to reinvestigate the problem of consciousness, German transcendental Idealism, in the land of its birth, is relegated to past history, and has no present influence. Scots and English may still examine the sounder portions of Hegel's system; but in Germany nothing remains of it but the historical fatalism that sees in material success the triumph of reason and progress, and the teaching that the hour of the third human period has struck, the hour of Germany. The radical wing of the Hegellians ended the movement, by logically developing it. D. F. Strauss saw in Christianity a myth, a creation of that human spirit in which the divine becomes conscious of itself. And Feuerbach, taking the last step, assured the Germans that man is incapable of knowing anything higher and better than himself; that it is open to him to think as he may, and fashion ideals, if he must, according to his own devices.

Thus was the German house of the spirit left empty, swept, and garnished for new-comers. Crude Materialism, a reaction against the previous Idealism, for a time held sway. Then the pessimism of Schopenhauer seized upon, and pervaded, the national mind for long years. In the late 'eighties and early 'nineties, a loudly voiced demand for a new and optimistic literature resulted in a passing triumph of Naturalism, deeply pessimistic from the first. Finally, the influence of Nietzsche, neglected, deprecatd, extolled by turns, much as Schopenhauer before him, became paramount, as wholly suited to the present phase of the national mind.

This new mental and moral malady

of Germany bears many names, and no definite one—Subjective Idealism, Neo-Romanticism, Individualism. Nietzsche, weak, delicate, kindly, passed from the altruistic pessimism of Schopenhauer and Wagner to the recognition of biological laws and a voluntary optimism. He would be the very opposite of that to which his nature inclined him. He would preach a gospel of joyous and adventurous force. "It is true that man shall fix for himself his own aim." "The true liberty of man, the true free-thought, is that which the Crusaders learnt in the East from the order of the Assassins: 'Nothing is true, all is allowable.'" Once Germany, with Prussia for its model, was docile and obedient; now it is exposed to the ravages of that Individualism, which rejects all laws, except of its own making, which wrongly interprets the proposition of Spinoza that anticipates the doctrine of Nietzsche: "Every one without exception may, by sovereign right of nature, do whatever he thinks will advance his own interest." Once Germany was idealistic and humanitarian; now "we range ourselves among the conquerors; we meditate upon the necessity of a new order of things, of a new slavery also—for every amelioration of the type 'man' in force or in happiness requires as its condition a new kind of slavery." Once Germany patiently prosecuted the search for objective truth; now it is discovered that there is no objective truth, and "the supremacy of the scientific mandarin" is no more to be admired than "the success of democracy." Once Germany was romantic, "constantly remembering the past," said Heine, "and constantly brooding over the future, but never knowing how to grasp and understand the present"; now it is—or lately was—fervently romantic anew, straining towards the future and its promise that the "super-man" shall be born, the forceful Ger-

man generation that shall hold the world in thrall.

It were long to follow in detail the ravages of this new Idealism, the moral perversities due to this neo-Romantic Individualism. "God is dead," proclaimed Nietzsche. And his disciples, aristocrats of the spirit, *Künstler*, claim all license to luxuriate amid "the fulness of phenomena," and to "live themselves out." Religion is gone; "good" is that which is advantageous to self; and moral values are but degrees of strength and weakness. A vague theism, a "kingdom of God" is indeed still preached. An Eucken can revive the moral and spiritual order of Fichte; but Fichte declared that the moral order itself is God. "We need no other, and can conceive no other." And Eucken but presents the conception of a living and personal God as a consolation for those in deepest sorrow. Destructive criticism has given place to constructive engines of material force. Textual and historical criticism has given place to the refutation and rejection of Christian morals. There is a constant demand from many quarters that a new religion shall come into being. Mysticism, intuition, the acknowledgment that instinct—the subconscious, or unconscious—is supreme, mainly go to the making of it. Nor is any hesitation felt as to whether the subconscious may not be the source of animal tendencies rather than of divine. The ape and tiger must not die. For Nietzsche says:

"Man requires that which is worst within him, to attain that which is best; his worst instincts are the best portion of his might. . . . Man must become better and worse." "Here is the new law, oh my brethren, which I promulgate unto you: Become hard. For creative spirits are hard. And you must find a supreme blessedness in impressing the mark of your hand, in inscribing your will, upon thousands and thousands, as on soft wax."

We are warned by Burke not to bring an impeachment against a whole nation. The majority of Germans, no doubt, still hold by tradition. The simple and unsophisticated among them bid us remember that the Emperor, their "Peace-Emperor," is "pious." But he has learnt the lesson of Bismarck, and is a Hohenzollern. Frederick William the Fourth, equally romantic with William the Second, declared in 1848: "I will never permit a scrap of paper (the constitution he was offering) to interpose between the Lord God on High and myself." The grandfather of the Emperor, returning to Berlin after the victory of Sadowa, opened the Chambers by thanking Providence for the grace which had aided Prussia to drive away from its frontiers the invasion of the enemy—the self-defence being a carefully planned onslaught, that the hegemony of Germany might be wrested from Austria. "Take away from me my convictions," said Bismarck, "and you have lost your Chancellor. Deprive me of my union with God, and to-morrow I will pack up, and grow oats at Varzin." Such religion is mystic fetichism. He, and the House of Hohenzollern, instead of regarding themselves as instruments of destiny, of God, should have considered Bacon's statement that "it were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him"; they should have remembered that God is the God not of one, but of all nations, and the God of mercy. Whereas the Emperor's famous address to his army in China was but a paraphrase of Nietzsche's "Verily, let my happiness, my liberty, rush onward like the hurricane. My enemies will believe that it is the Spirit of Evil raging above their heads."

As his more recent speeches show, the Emperor has studied Houston Stewart Chamberlain, who is one of

those who require a new religion, of German origin, and suited to the Germans. And there are other signs that the Emperor is ready to favor and foster such a religion, since it would be the proclamation of a Teutonic Jehovah, guiding his German elect to world-victory, with the House of Hohenzollern as warrior high-priests. Or in place of Jehovah, read Odin. Renan wrote to Strauss: "Your German race always seems to believe in Walhalla." Heine, before Renan, declared that "Christianity—and that is its fairest merit—has to some degree softened the brutal Germanic delight in warfare, but could not destroy it; and when once that taming talisman, the Cross, is broken, then once more rattles out the wildness of the old warrior, the mad Berserker rage." Then "Thor with his giant hammer springs forth at last, and breaks Gothic domes to atoms." He prophesied, not indeed the present war, but democratic revolution in Germany; a return to Paganism, to the ancestral religion of blood and iron, when once it was divulged that transcendental Idealism was but a velled and godless Pantheism.

There is one religion, at any rate, common to the intellectual few, and the simple many, in present Germany. The German race is the elect of destiny, say the one; of God, repeat the other. Neo-Romanticists, racial mystics, may dream with Gobineau of the conquering Aryan race, on whose shoulders rests the future of humanity. "That which is not German is created to be enslaved." H. S. Chamberlain somewhat modifies the theme. The French and the Slav are also Aryans; indeed any one, if so he wills, and fitly equips himself, can be an Aryan in the spirit, as it were by an elective affinity, and await the religion that is to be. But this is all too subtle for present Germany. The Aryan, the

Superman, is the German. Pangermanism is the simple and sufficient creed.

As we have it in an endless series of pamphlets, Pangermanism is frowned on or favored by the bureaucracy, according as occasion serves. These pamphlets, and the periodical organs of the various leagues, with their lists of approving professors and magnates, are equally monotonous and nauseating. One of these organs bears, or bore, as legend and ideal aim: "From the Skaw to the Adriatic! From Boulogne to Narwa! From Besançon to the Black Sea!" But that is little, compared with the demands put forth in the pamphlets. Take a single one for a sample, as far back as 1895, the better to secure modesty and moderation, if possible. In it we learn that the great German Confederation of the future is a national State, which includes the majority of Germans living in Europe. Its inhabitants are not exclusively German, but it is ruled exclusively by Germans. Thus by allowing only Germans to exercise political rights and to acquire landed property, the German people will regain the feeling which they had in the Middle Ages—that of being a ruling race. They, however, gladly tolerate in their midst the presence of foreigners for the performance of lower manual labor. And thus will grow up a people "capable of transmitting to humanity in the ages to come all the treasures of German culture." This, at least, is more moderate than Treitschke. "The civilizing of a barbarous nation"—and all are barbarous except Germans—is the offer of alternatives, "either to merge itself in the dominant nation, or to suffer extermination." But then, what blessings will result to the conquered, if they choose aright! Prussia, nobly exercising its hegemony over the "United States

of Europe," will guard Europe against the competition of Asia, and of those other United States, whose commercial rivalry needs to be checked.

The Germans are naturally systematical. France subdued, and Russia, it was to be the turn of the robber and peddler State to which we unfortunately belong. And the "peaceful penetration" of Brazil would in good time furnish a *casus belli* against the United States. "Never have the Germans given up an idea without fighting it through in all its consequences," Heine declared long ago. Only there is no sign of a Moltke or a Bismarck among present Germans. "Never have the Germans been psychologists," said Nietzsche. They have failed to isolate and attack each single Power in turn, as they have failed to grasp the true character and resources of the nations which they would forcibly sweep aside. H. S. Chamberlain cites Luther's dictum that the Germans are "a blind people," and Herder's epigram that "the Germans think much, and—not at all." "The German is not a good critic," he adds. "Acuteness is not a national possession of the Teutons." He regrets that, "entering recently into the history of the world," they have not yet had time "to ask themselves how things are going on in their immediate neighborhood." Till they find such time, "they will sport on the edge of the abyss, as if it were a flowery mead." Such carelessness is part of their character; and he finds it almost praiseworthy, since the Greeks and the Romans before them rushed to their ruin, totally unconscious "how the pressure of events was removing them from the face of the earth, lively to the last, mighty and proudly sure of triumph to the last." This is lyrical, after the manner of his ethnical mysticism. But he has said it.

Upon illusion, follows disillusion. How soon will the Germans awake to the truth of things? They know the Greek tragedies, and yet forget the penalty that befalls the overweening. Trained in history, they are acquainted with the rise and fall of Spain, of Louis XIV, of Napoleon, aiming at universal empire; and yet will not derive the due lesson. Napoleon they hate, as the cause of their long suffering; and, admiring, would imitate. There are blots on the moral scutcheon of all the nations; but the Germans would deliberately and consciously accomplish, on the largest scale, that which other nations have done in the past, almost unconsciously, and as it were by hazard. Machiavellians, they reprobate the growth of the British Empire, and would fain use force to wrest it away for themselves. On one occasion, at least, Treitschke deviated into moral sanity. "The future course of human history cannot consist in the creation of a single dominant power; the ideal we should aim at is an orderly society of peoples." But Treitschke, no doubt, meant that this orderly society should lie under the hegemony, the heel, of Prussia. In what way then, and how soon, schooled by adversity, will they confess their error? "If the State," he says, "can no longer accomplish what it wills, it falls into ruin and anarchy." Will they, at less cost than this, repudiate that national egoism, that "will to Power," that instinct of domination which is the fruitful mother of illusion, confusion, and lies? Will they admit at length that there is a political as well as a commercial morality; that patriotism can too often be, as Dr. Johnson said, "the last refuge of a scoundrel"? "The Germans must be freed from within, the attempt from without is useless." Meanwhile the friends without—lovers of liberty two of them, and the third



well in the way of becoming so, friends made foes against their will—prosecute this war in order to end war, it may be; to break down the

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evil spirit of militarism which has beset a great people overwrought by pride, arrogance, infatuation, and megalomania.

## FIVE-FOUR-EIGHT.

Rain! pitiless, incessant, drenching rain, that seemed to ooze and trickle and soak into every nook and cranny in the world, beat down upon the already sodden ground and formed great pools of water in every hollow. Fires blazed and flickered at intervals, revealing within the glowing circles of their light the huddled forms of weary soldiers; and all the myriad sounds of a huge camp blended imperceptibly with the raindrops' steady patter.

According to orders the 8th Division had concentrated upon the main army for the impending battle. At dawn that day its leading battalion had swung out of camp to face the storm and the mud; not until dusk had the last unit dropped exhausted into its bivouac. For fourteen hours the troops had groped their way along the boggy roads: and they had marched but one-and-twenty miles. Incredibly slow! incredibly wearisome! But they had effected the purpose of their chief. They had arrived in time.

The headquarters of the divisional artillery had been established in a ramshackle old barn at one corner of the field in which the batteries were camped. Within its shelter the General and his staff of three crouched over a small fire. The roof leaked, the floor was wet and indescribably filthy; their seats were saddles, and their only light a guttering candle. But to those four tired men, the little fire, the dirty barn, the thought of food and sleep, seemed Heaven.

Brigadier-General Maudeslay, known to his irreverent but affectionate subordinates as "the Maud," was a fat little man of fifty, who owed his present rank largely to his steady adherence to principles of sound common-sense. For theoretical knowledge he depended, so he frankly declared, upon the two staff officers with whom he was supplied. Nevertheless, those who knew him well agreed that in quickness to grasp the salient points of any given situation and in accuracy of decision he had few superiors. It was his habit, when pondering on his line of action, to walk round in a circle, his hands behind his back, humming softly to himself. Then, swiftly and with conscious certainty, he would act. And he was seldom wrong.

At the moment, however, his thoughts were not concerned with tactics but with food. For some time he sat before the fire in silence, then suddenly exclaimed—

"Thank the Lord! I hear the baggage coming in. Go and hurry it up, Tony."

Tony, whose rarely used surname was Quarme, was an artillery subaltern of seven years' service, attached to the General's staff as personal A.D.C. On him devolved the irksome task of catering for the headquarter mess. It was his principal, though not his only function: and, owing to scarcity of provisions, a daily change of camp, and a General who took considerable interest in the quality of his

food, it was a duty which often taxed his temper and his ingenuity to the utmost.

He got up, wriggled himself into his clammy waterproof, and splashed out into the mud and darkness.

"Tony," observed the General to his Brigade-Major, "is not such a failure at this job as you predicted."

"He's astonished me so far, I must confess," was the reply. "I always thought him rather a lazy young gentleman, with no tastes for anything beyond horses and hunting."

"My dear Hartley, he was lazy because he was bored." The General, being devoted to hunting himself, spoke a little testily. "Peace soldiering," he went on, "is apt to bore sometimes. Tony is not what *you'd* call a professional soldier. His military interests are strictly confined to the reputation of his battery, and to his own ability to command two guns in action. Naturally he was pleased when I appointed him A.D.C. The part of the year's work which interested him, practice camp and so on, was over. In place of the tedium of manoeuvres as a regimental subaltern, he foresaw a novel and more or less amusing occupation on my staff for the rest of the summer, and he knew that he would go back to his own station in the autumn in time for the hunting season. But he did not reckon on the possibility of war, and therefore he is now dissatisfied. I know it as well as if he'd told me so himself."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Oh! he doesn't dislike the job: I don't mean that. But he can't help feeling that he's been sold. I can almost hear him saying to himself, 'Here have I struggled through seven years' soldierin' thinking always that some day I should be loosed upon a battlefield with a pair of guns and a good fat target of advancing infantry. And now that the time *has* come,

I'm stuck with this rotten staff job.'"

"By Jove!" said the other, "I never thought of that."

"No, Hartley, you wouldn't. In your case the 'gunner' instinct has been obliterated by that of the staff officer. The guns have lost their fascination for you. Isn't that so?"

"In a way, yes."

"Well, in some men—and Tony happens to be one of them—that fascination lasts as long as life itself. Often enough in ordinary times it lies dormant. But as soon as war comes it shows itself at once in the mad rush made by officers to get back to batteries—that is, to go on service *with the guns*. It is the curse of our regiment in some ways: many potential generals abandon their ambitions because of it. But it's also our salvation."

He relapsed into silence, staring into the fire. Perhaps he, too, regretted for the moment that he was a general, and wished that, instead of thirteen batteries, he commanded only one.

Meanwhile the subject of their discussion had succeeded in finding the headquarters' baggage wagon. Ignoring the protests of infuriated transport officers who were endeavoring to direct more than two hundred vehicles to their destinations, he had lured it out of the chaos and guided it to its appointed place. As the wagon came to a standstill outside the barn the tarpaulin was raised at the back and the vast proportions of the gunner who combined the duties of servant to Tony and cook to the mess slowly emerged.

From his right hand dangled a shapeless, flabby mass.

"What the devil have you got there, Tebbut?" demanded Tony.

"Ducks, sir," was the unexpected reply. "We was 'alted near a farm-house to-day, so I took the chanst to buy some milk and butter. While the chap was away fetchin' the stuff, I

pinched these 'ere ducks. Fat they are, too!"

He spoke in the matter-of-fact tones of one to whom the theft of a pair of ducks, and the feat of plucking them within the narrow confines of a packed G.S. wagon, was no uncommon experience.

"Well, look sharp and cook 'em. We're hungry," said Tony.

He stayed until he saw that the dinner was well under way, and then floundered off through the mud to see his horses. Of these he was allowed by regulations three, but one, hastily purchased during the mobilization period by an almost distracted remount officer, had already succumbed to the effects of overwork and under-feeding. There remained the charger which he had had with his battery in peace time, and which he now used for all ordinary work—and Dignity.

The latter was well named. He was a big brown horse, very nearly thoroughbred—a perfect hunter and a perfect gentleman. Tony had bought him as a four-year-old at a price that was really far beyond his means, and had trained him himself. He used openly to boast that Dignity had taken to jumping as a duck takes to water, and that he had never been known to turn from a fence. In the course of four seasons, the fastest burst, the heaviest ground, the longest hunt had never been too much for him. Always he would gallop calmly on, apparently invincible. His owner almost worshipped him.

Horse rugs are not part of the field service equipment of an officer. But to the discerning (and unscrupulous) few there is a way round almost every regulation. Dignity had three rugs, and his legs were swathed in warm flannel bandages. As he stood there on the leeward side of a fence busily searching the bottom of his nose-bag for the last few oats of his meagre

ration, he was probably the most comfortable animal of all the thousands in the camp.

Tony spent some time examining his own and the General's horses, and giving out the orders for the morning to the grooms. By the time he got back to the barn it was past ten, and Tebbut was just solemnly announcing "dinner" as being served.

"The Maud" eyed the dish of steaming ducks with evident approval, but avoided asking questions. Loot had been very strictly forbidden.

"We ought by rights to have apple sauce with these," he said, drawing his saddle close up to the low deal table and giving vent to a sigh of expectancy.

"Hi've got some 'ere, sir," responded the resourceful Tebbut. "There was a horchard near the road to-day."

He produced, as he spoke, a battered tin which, from the inscription on its label, had once contained "selected peaches." It was now more than half full of a concoction which bore a passable resemblance to apple sauce.

For half an hour conversation languished. They had eaten nothing but a sandwich since early morning, and the demands of appetite were more exacting than their interest in the programme for the morrow.

But as soon as Tebbut, always a stickler for the usages of polite society, had brushed away the crumbs with a dirty dish-cloth and handed round pint mugs containing coffee, Hartley unrolled a map and, under instructions from the General, began to prepare the orders.

As a result of a reconnaissance in force that day the enemy's advanced troops had been driven in, and the extent of his real position more or less accurately defined. The decisive attack, of which the 8th Division was to form a part, was to be directed against the left. Barring the way on

this flank, however, was a hill marked on the map as Point 548, which was situated about two miles in front of the main hostile position. The enemy had not yet been dislodged from this salient, but a brigade of infantry had been detailed to assault it that night. In the event of success a battery was to be sent forward to occupy it at dawn, after which the main attack would begin. General Maudeslay had been ordered to provide this battery.

"Don't put anything in orders about it, though, Hartley," he said. "It will have to be one from the 81st Brigade, which has suffered least so far. I'll send separate confidential instructions to the Colonel. Get an orderly, will you, Tony."

"I'll take the message myself, sir, if I may," suggested the A.D.C. "It's my own brigade, and I'd like to look them up."

"All right; only don't forget to come back," said the General, smiling.

Tony pocketed the envelope and peered out into the night. The rain had ceased and the sky was clear. Far away to right and left the bivouac fires glimmered like reflections of the starry heavens. The troops, worn out with the hardships of the day, had fallen asleep and the camp was silent. Only the occasional whinny of a horse, the challenge of a sentry, or the distant rumbling of benighted transport broke the stillness.

Tony's way led through the lines of the various batteries. The horses stood in rows, tied by their heads to long ropes stretched between the ammunition wagons. Fetlock-deep in liquid mud, without rugs, wet and underfed, they hung their heads dejectedly—a silent protest against the tyranny of war.

"Poor old hairies," thought Tony as he passed them, his mind picturing the spotless troop-stables and the shining coats that he had known so

well in barracks not a month ago.

He found the officers of his brigade assembled beneath a tarpaulin. Their baggage had been hours late, and though it was nearly eleven o'clock the evening meal was still in progress. He handed his message to the Adjutant and sat down to exchange greetings with his brother subalterns.

"Oh! there's bully beef for the batteries, but we've salmon all right on the staff," he sang softly, after sniffing suspiciously at the unpleasant-looking mess on his neighbor's plate, which was, in fact, ration tinned beef boiled hurriedly in a camp kettle. The song, of which the words were his own, fitted neatly to a popular tune of the moment. It treated of the difference in comfort of life on the staff and that in the batteries, and gave a verdict distinctly in favor of the former. He had sung it with immense success about 3 A.M. on his last night at home with his own brigade.

"Now, Tony," said some one, "you're on the staff. What's going to happen to-morrow?"

"A big show—will last two or three days, they say. But," he added, grinning, "you poor devils stuck away behind a hill won't see much of it. I suppose I shall be sent on my usual message—to tell you that you're doing no dam' good, and only wasting ammunition!"

But though he chaffed and joked his heart was heavy as he walked back an hour later. Somewhere out there in the mud was his own battery, which he worshipped as a god. And he was condemned to live away from it, to be absent when it dashed into action, when the breech-blocks rattled and the shells shrieked across the valleys.

He found the others still poring over the map. From the wallet on his saddle Tony pulled out a large travelling flask.

"I think that this is the time for the issue of my special emergency ration," he announced.

"What is it, Tony?" asked "the Maud."

"Best old liqueur brandy from our mess in England," he replied, pouring some into each of the four mugs.

Then he held up his own and added—

"Here's to the guns; may they be well served to-morrow."

Over the enamelled rim the General's eyes met Tony's for a moment, and he smiled; for he understood the sentiment.

Tony crawled beneath his blankets, and fell into a deep sleep, from which he roused himself with difficulty a few hours later as the first gray streaks of dawn were appearing in the sky.

## II.

The press of work at the headquarters of a division during operations comes in periods of intense activity, during which every member of the staff, from the general downwards, feels that he is being asked to do the work of three men in an impossibly short space of time. One of these periods, that in which the orders for the initial stages of the attack had been distributed, had just passed, and a comparative calm had succeeded. Even the operator of the "buzzer" instrument, ensconced in a little triangular tent just large enough to hold one man in a prone position, had found time to smoke.

Divisional headquarters had been established at a point where five roads met, just below the crest of a low hill. A few yards away the horses clinked their bits and grazed. Occasionally the distant boom of a gun made them prick their ears and stare reflectively in the direction of the sound. The sun, with every promise of a fine day, was slowly dispelling the mist

from the valley and woodlands below.

It was early: the battle had scarcely yet begun.

A huge map had been spread out on a triangular patch of grass at the road junction, its corners held down with stones. Staff officers lay around it talking eagerly. Above, on the top of the hill, General Maudesley leant against a bank and gazed into the mist. The night attack, he knew, had been successful, and he was anxiously awaiting the appearance of the battery on Point 548.

Tony was stretched at full length on the grass below him. He was warm, he was dry, and he was not hungry—a rare combination on service.

"This would be a grand cub-hunting morning, General," he said.

Ordinarily "the Maud" would have responded with enthusiasm, for hounds and hunting were the passion of his life. But now his thoughts were occupied with other matters, and he made no reply.

Then suddenly, as though at the rising of a curtain at a play, things began to happen. The telephone operator lifted his head with a start as his instrument began to give out its nervous, jerky, *zt—zzz—zt*. There was a clatter of hoofs along the road, and the sliding scrape of a horse pulled up sharply as an orderly appeared and handed in a message. Rifle fire, up till then desultory and unnoticed, began to increase in volume. The mist had gone.

"The Maud," motionless against the bank, kept his glasses to his eyes for some minutes before lowering them, with a gesture of annoyance, and exclaimed—

"It's curious. That battery ought to be on 548 by now, but I can see no sign of it."

"You can't see 548 from here, sir. It's hidden behind that wood," said Tony, pointing as he spoke.



"What do you mean? There's 548," said the General, also pointing, but to a hill much farther to their right.

"No, sir—at least not according to my map."

"The Maud" snatched the map from Tony's hand. A second's glance was enough. On it Point 548 was marked as being farther to the left and considerably nearer to the enemy.

He turned on Tony like a flash.

"Good Lord! Why didn't you tell me that before?" he cried. "There must be two different editions of this map. Which one had they in your brigade when you went over there last night—the right one or the wrong one?"

But Tony, unfortunately, had no idea. His interest in tactics, as we have seen, was small, and his visit had not involved him in a discussion of the plan of battle. He had not even looked at their maps.

"The Maud" walked round in one small circle while he hummed eight bars. Then he said—

"They must have started for the wrong hill, and in this mist they won't have realized their danger. That battery will be wiped out unless we can stop it." He looked round quickly. "Signallers—no—useless: and the telephone not yet through. Tony, you'll have to go. There's no direct road. Go straight across country and you may just do it."

Tony was already half-way to the horses.

"Take up Dignity's stirrups two holes," he called as he ran towards them. "Quick, man, quick!"

It took perhaps twenty seconds, which seemed like as many minutes. He flung away belt and haversack, crammed his revolver into a side pocket, and was thrown up into the saddle. "The Maud" himself opened the gate off the road.

"Like hell, Tony, like hell!"

The General's words, shouted in his ear as he passed through on to the grass, seemed echoed in the steady beat of Dignity's hoofs as he went up to his bridle and settled into his long raking stride.

Tony leant out on his horse's neck, his reins crossed jockey fashion, his knees pressed close against the light hunting saddle. Before him a faded expanse of green stretched out for two miles to the white cottage on the hillside which he had chosen as his point. The rush of wind in his ears, the thud of iron-shod hoofs on sound old turf, the thrill that is born of speed, made him forget for a moment the war, the enemy, his mission. He was back in England on a good scenting morning in November. Hounds were away on a straight-necked fox, and he had got a perfect start. Almost could he see them beside him, "close packed, eager, silent as a dream."

This was not humdrum soldiering—cold and hunger, muddy roads and dreary marches. It was Life.

"Steady, old man."

He leant back, a smile upon his lips, as a fence was flung behind them and the bottom of the valley came in sight.

"There's a brook: must chance it," he muttered, and then, mechanically and with instinctive eye, he chose his place. He took a pull until he felt that Dignity was going well within himself, and then, fifty yards away, he touched him with his heels and let him out. The stream, swollen with the deluge of the previous day, had become a torrent of swirling, muddy water, and it was by no means narrow. But Dignity knew his business. Gathering his powerful quarters under him in the last stride, he took off exactly right and fairly hurled himself into space.

They landed with about an inch to spare.

"Good for you!" cried Tony, standing in his stirrups and looking back, as they breasted the slope beyond. From the top he had hoped to see the battery somewhere on the road, but he found that the wood obstructed his view, and he was still uncertain, therefore, as to whether he was in time or not.

"It's a race," he said, and sat down in his saddle to ride a finish.

But half-way across the next field Dignity put a foreleg into a blind and narrow drain and turned completely over.

Tony was thrown straight forward on to his head and stunned.

A quarter of an hour later he had recovered consciousness and was staring about him stupidly. The air was filled with the din of battle, but apparently the only living thing near him was Dignity, quietly grazing. He noticed, at first without understanding, that the horse moved on three legs only. His off foreleg was swinging. Tony got up and limped stiffly towards him. He bent down to feel the leg and found that it was broken.

Slowly, reluctantly, he pulled out his revolver and put in a cartridge. It was, perhaps, the hardest thing he had ever had to do. He drew Dignity's head down towards the ground, placed the muzzle against his forehead and fired.

The horse swayed for a fraction of a second, then collapsed forward, lifeless, with a thud: and Tony felt as though his heart would break.

Gradually he began to remember what had happened, and he wondered vaguely how long he had lain unconscious. In front of him stretched the wood which he had seen before he started, hiding from his view not only the actual hill but the road which led to it. He knew that on foot, bruised and shaken as he was, he could never

now arrive in time. He had failed, and must return.

Then, as he stood sadly watching Dignity's fast glazing eyes, he heard the thunder of hundreds of galloping hoofs, and looked up quickly. Round the corner of the wood, in wild career, came, not a cavalry charge as he had half expected, but teams—gun teams and limbers—but no guns. The battery had got into action on the hill, but a lucky hostile shell, wide of its mark, had dropped into the wagon line and stampeded the horses. A few drivers still remained, striving in vain to pull up. They might as well have tried to stop an avalanche.

Tony watched them flash past him to the rear. Still dazed with his fall, it was some seconds before the truth burst upon him.

*He knew those horses.*

"My God!" he cried aloud, "it's my own battery that's up there!"

In a moment all thought of his obvious duty—to return and report—was banished from his mind. He forgot the staff and his connection with it. One idea, and one only, possessed him—somehow, anyhow, to get to the guns.

Dizzily he started off towards the hill. His progress was slow and labored. His head throbbed as though there was a metal piston within beating time upon his brain. The hot sun caused the sweat to stream into his eyes. The ground was heavy, and his feet sank into it at every step. Twice he stopped to vomit.

At last he reached the road and followed the tracks of the gun-wheels up it until he came to the gap in the hedge through which the battery had evidently gone on its way into action. The slope was strewn with dead and dying horses: drivers were crushed beneath them; and an up-ended limber pointed its pole to the sky like the mast of a derelict ship. The ground

was furrowed with the impress of many heavy wheels, and everywhere was ripped and scarred with the bullet marks of low-burst shrapnel. But ominously enough, amid all these signs of conflict no hostile fire seemed to come in his direction.

The hill rose sharply for a hundred yards or so, and then ran forward for some distance nearly flat. Tony therefore, crawling up, did not see the battery until he was quite close to it.

Panting, he stopped aghast and stared.

Four guns were in position with their wagons beside them. The remnants of the detachments crouched behind the shields. Piles of empty cartridge-cases and little mounds of turf behind the trails testified that these four guns, at least, had been well served. But the others! One was still limbered up: evidently a shell had burst immediately in front of it. Its men and horses were heaped up round it almost as though they were tin soldiers which a child had swept together on the floor. The remaining gun pointed backward down the hill, forlorn and desolate.

In the distance, for miles and miles, the noise of battle crashed and thundered in the air. But here it seemed some magic spell was cast, and everything was still and silent as the grave.

Sick at heart, Tony contemplated the scene of carnage and destruction for one brief moment. Then he made his way towards the only officer whom he could see, and from him learnt exactly what had happened.

The major commanding the battery, it appeared, deceived first by the map and then by the fog, had halted his whole battery where he imagined that it was hidden from view. But as soon as the mist had cleared away he found that it was exposed to the fire of the hostile artillery at a range of little more than a mile. The battery

had been caught by a hail of shrapnel before it could get into action. Only this one officer remained, and there were but just enough men to work the four guns that were in position. Ammunition, too, was getting very short.

Tony looked at his watch. It was only eight o'clock. From his vague idea of the general plan of battle he knew that the decisive attack would eventually sweep forward over the hill on which he stood. But how soon?

At any moment the enemy might launch a counter-attack and engulf his battery. Its position could hardly have been worse. Owing to the flat top of the hill nothing could be seen from the guns except the three hundred yards immediately in front of them and the high ground a mile away on which the enemy's artillery was posted. The intervening space was hidden. Yet it was impossible to move. Any attempt to go forward to where they could see, or backward to where they would be safe, would be greeted, Tony knew well enough, with a burst of fire which would mean annihilation. Besides, he remembered the stampeding wagon line. The battery was without horses, immobile. To wait patiently for succor was its only hope.

Having ascertained that a man had been posted out in front to give warning of an attack, Tony sat down to await developments with philosophic calm. The fact that he had no right to be there at all, but that his place was with the General, did not concern him in the slightest. It had always been his ambition "to fight a battery in the real thing," as he would himself have phrased it, and he foresaw that he was about to do so with a vengeance. He was distressed by the havoc that he saw, but in all other respects he was content.

For hours nothing happened. The

enemy evidently considered that the battery was effectually silenced, and did not deign to waste further ammunition upon it. Then, when Tony had almost fallen asleep, the sentry at the forward crest semaphored in a message—

"Long thick line of infantry advancing: will reach foot of hill in about five minutes. Supports behind." Almost at the same moment an orderly whom Tony recognized as belonging to his General's staff arrived from the rear. Tony seized upon him eagerly.

"Where have you come from?" he demanded.

"From the General, sir. 'E sent me to find you and to tell you to come back."

"Did you pass any of our infantry on your way?"

"Yes, sir. There's a lot coming on. They'll be round the wood in a minute or two."

"Well, go back to them and give any officer this message," said Tony, writing rapidly in his note-book.

"Beg pardon, sir, but that will take me out of my way. I'm the last orderly the General 'as got left, and I was told to find out what 'ad 'appened 'ere, and then to come straight back."

"I don't care a damn what you were told. You go with that message now."

The man hurried off, and Tony walked along the line of guns, saw that they were laid on the crest line in front, and that the fuzes were set at zero. This would have the effect of bursting the shell at the muzzles, and so creating a death-zone of leaden bullets through which the attacking infantry would have to fight their way. Then he took up his post behind an ammunition wagon on the right of the battery, and fixed his eyes on the signaller in front. He felt himself to be in the same state of tingling excitement as when he waited outside a

good fox-covert expecting the welcome "Gone away."

Suddenly the signaller rose, and, crouching low, bolted back towards the guns. Just as he reached them a few isolated soldiers began to appear over the crest in front. As soon as they saw the guns they lay down waiting for support. They were the advanced scouts of a battalion.

A moment afterwards, a thick line of men came in sight. The sun gleamed on their bayonets. There was a shout, and they surged forward towards the battery.

"Three rounds gun fire," Tony shouted. The four guns went off almost simultaneously, and at once the whole front was enveloped in thick, white smoke from the bursting shell. In spite of diminished detachments the guns were quickly served. Again and once again they spoke within a second of each other.

The smoke cleared slowly, for there was scarcely a breath of wind. Meanwhile the assailants had taken cover, and were beginning to use their rifles. Bullets, hundreds of them, tore the ground in front and clanged against the shields. Tony stepped back a few yards and looked down into the valley behind him. A thin line of skirmishers had almost reached the foot of the hill. His message had been delivered.

He came back to the cover of his wagon. The enemy began to come forward by rushes—a dozen men advancing twenty yards, perhaps.

"Repeat," said Tony.

Again the guns blazed and roared: again the pall of smoke obscured the view. A long trailing line of infantry began to climb the hill behind him. But the enemy was working round the flanks of the battery and preparing for the final rush. It was a question of whether friend or foe would reach him first. For the second time that day Tony muttered "It's a race!"

Then, as he saw the whole line rise and charge straight at him—

"Gun fire," he yelled above the din, knowing that by that order the ammunition would be expended to the last round.

He jumped to the gun nearest him, working the breech with mechanical precision, while the only gunner left in the detachment loaded and fired.

"Last round, sir," came in a hoarse whisper, as Tony slammed the breach and leant back with left arm outstretched ready to swing it open again. In front they could see nothing: the smoke hung like a thick white blanket. Tony drew his revolver and stood up, peering over the shield, expecting every moment to see a line of bayonets emerge.

There was a roar behind. He heard the rush of feet and the rattle of equipment. He was conscious of the smell of sweating bodies and the sight of wild, frenzied faces. Then the charge, arriving just in time, swept past him, a mad irresistible wave of humanity, driving the enemy before it and leaving the guns behind like rocks after the passage of a flood.

Tony fell back over the trail in a dead faint.

Long afterwards, when the tide of battle had rolled on towards the op-

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

posing heights, Tony, pale, grimy, but exultant, started back with the intention of rejoining his General. Half-way down the hill he met him riding up.

Tony turned and walked beside him.

"What's happened here, and where the devil have you been all day?" asked "the Maud" angrily.

"I've been here, sir."

"So it appears. I sent an orderly to find you, and all you did was to despatch him on a message of your own, I understand. We were in urgent need of information as to what had happened up here. You failed to stop this battery, and it was your duty to come straight back and tell me so."

Tony had never seen the placid Maud so angry. He glanced up at him as he sat there bolt upright on his horse looking straight to his front.

"It was my own battery," said Tony. Then, after a pause, he added recklessly—"Would you have come back, sir, if you'd been me?"

The Maud stared past him up the hill. He saw the guns, with the dead and wounded strewn around them, safe. He was a gunner first, a general only afterwards. He hummed a little tune.

"No," he said, "I wouldn't."

*Jeffery E. Jeffery.*

## THE AMERICAN PROTEST.

The action taken by the United States Government in presenting a friendly Note of protest against the British treatment of neutral trade will certainly not provoke any unfriendly comment in this country. We perfectly recognize that the interests of neutrals are very different from the interests of belligerents in this as in all wars, and it would be extremely unfair if we objected in any way to

neutrals frankly stating their point of view. Again, we are fully aware that it is a much easier job to be a belligerent than a neutral. Moreover, looking ahead, it is just as well that we should take account of the possibility that in some future war England may herself be a neutral State, and as anxious to uphold the rights of neutrals as America now is. Indeed, it is noteworthy that in most of the



discussions which took place in connection with the Hague Conference of 1907 the assumption generally made was that England was more likely to be a neutral than a belligerent State in future wars. But though we have every desire to be just to the Americans, we must also be just to ourselves. We are engaged in the very greatest war the world has ever known. It is involving us in a terrific toll of life and money, and we are justified in using all recognized methods of warfare to abridge this toll and bring the war to an end. It may be added that in doing so we are benefiting America, less indeed than ourselves, but still to a very considerable extent, for the trouble from which American trade suffers at the present time is not primarily due, as the American Note implies, to the interference of the British Fleet with American shipping, but to the general disturbance which the fact of war causes to trade throughout the world. The sooner peace is restored the better will it be for American trade, and if we can by means of naval pressure prevent our enemies from receiving supplies from neutrals we clearly shall be advancing the date at which peace will become possible. There is no necessity to insist upon this point, for we may be quite sure that the enormous majority of Americans would prefer that the war should be ended by this humane form of pressure rather than protracted at the cost of greater loss of life.

On another point Englishmen may be sure that the main volume of American sentiment will concur with the general sentiment here. It is unfortunate that the American Government, acting admittedly under a purely commercial pressure, should have protested against the action of the British Fleet, and said not a word about the conduct of the German Army. In

many important instances the German military forces have violated Conventions which were drawn up at the Hague by representatives of all the Powers of the world, including the representatives of the United States. As the greatest and most powerful of all neutral States in the present war, America was under a peculiar obligation to do all that she could to insist upon the sanctity of the Hague Conventions. We do not suggest for a moment that America should have gone to war, though even that step would have been justified according to the code of ethics which prevails among individuals in every civilized country. A bystander is, in this country at any rate, and we fancy in most countries, under a distinct legal obligation to interfere to prevent crime. Judged by the Hague code, crimes have been committed by Germany and the American Government have not interfered; they have not even protested. There can be little doubt that the mass of the American people, as well as people on this side of the Atlantic, would have attached even greater importance to President Wilson's present protest against British naval action if that protest had been preceded or accompanied by an equally strong protest against Germany's breaches of the Hague Convention.

Let us now see precisely what it is that the Americans complain of. They complain that their trade has suffered by the war. Of course it has. All trade suffers from war, and especially from war on a scale like the present. In particular, American trade has probably suffered a good deal from the disappearance of the German mercantile marine, for, in the absence of German tonnage, freights have risen enormously, to the injury both of the American producer and of his customers, and also, of course, of the British people as a whole. In this con-

nection it is important to ask why there has been so much delay in dealing with the German ships which have been captured, and are now under detention in British harbors. If these ships were sold, immediate work would be found for them, and their competition would help to bring down the very high freights which British ship-owners are now charging.

As regards the American cotton trade, which is one of the trades most depressed at the present moment, the trouble dates back to a pre-war period, and is still affected by pre-war conditions. There would have been a serious slump in the American cotton trade, and probably also in many other American trades, even if there had been no war. Nor have the cotton people of the United States any ground of complaint against Great Britain. On the contrary, our Government have gone out of their way to meet American difficulties. We might, quite excusably, have taken the extreme view that, as cotton is an element in the manufacture of one of the most powerful of explosives, we were justified in putting cotton on the list of contraband. We did not take that view, and we permit all cotton to pass freely to neutral States on its way to Germany. As regards other articles which have been placed on the list of contraband there is apparently no challenge from the United States. President Wilson and his advisers agree that our list is a fair one, so that here again there is no special grievance. The difficulty that arises is that, in order to enforce our prohibition of contraband trade with the United States, we exercise our undoubted right of naval search. Of course the exercise of that right is inconvenient to American shipowners and shippers; but it has yet to be explained how, except by carefully searching ships on their way to neutral

countries contiguous to Germany, we can prevent the Germans being supplied with materials required by the German Army. That American traders are now engaged in providing such supplies is notorious. The *Times* gives a very instructive comparison between the shipments of American copper in September and October, 1913, as compared with the corresponding months of 1914. The figures are best set out in tabular form:—

EXPORTS OF COPPER FROM THE UNITED STATES.

To	Sept. & Oct., 1913. lb.	Sept. & Oct., 1914. lb.
Italy	6,800,000	25,000,000
Netherlands	1,300,000	12,200,000
Norway	none	8,200,000
Sweden	2,800,000	6,700,000

These figures have only one explanation. They prove that the American copper magnates, acting through agents in neutral countries, are supplying Germany with copper, which the American Government admit is properly declared by us to be contraband of war. Does President Wilson, and do the American people, really expect this country to look on unmoved while our enemies are thus supplied with the means of killing our soldiers, and also our women and children? The non-combatants who were killed or wounded in the East Coast raid were all struck by projectiles in which copper was an essential part. The profits of the trade are admittedly enormous. The copper magnates are said to calculate that if they can succeed in getting through only thirty per cent of their shipments of copper intended for Germany they will make a sufficiently satisfactory profit. Every kind of artifice is used to get the goods through. In particular, as the American Government admit, a cotton cargo is used to conceal copper. As President Wilson somewhat plaintively remarks, it is difficult for him to deal confidently in the mat-

ter of contraband when trickery of this kind is carried on. It is equally difficult—indeed, it is impossible—for us to accept American manifests as long as there is any chance of their being used to conceal contraband. One possible alternative to our exercise of the right of search at sea is the establishment of a body of British officials at American ports to watch and inspect the loading of ships destined for such neutrals as Italy, Holland, and the three Scandinavian countries. If this solution of the matter were acceptable to the United States Government, doubtless the British Government would be willing to act upon it.

Already, indeed, our Government have shown themselves willing to meet the convenience of American shippers by accepting, as far as possible, the assurances of neutral States contiguous to Germany that contraband would not be allowed to pass into German possession. These assurances have been voluntarily given by the States concerned in the interests of their own trade. But they are not in all cases sufficient. For example, Sweden may give assurances that she will not allow certain classes of goods to be transmitted to Germany; but that will not prevent her traders from sending the goods to Denmark, who may not be able to prevent them passing on to Germany. In the same way we should accept, and indeed have gladly accepted, the very explicit assurances given by Italy that she will not allow contraband to find its way into Germany; but we find that smuggling of contraband from Italy to Germany has taken place on an extensive scale. The truth is that when such enormous profits can be realized as are now open to neutral shippers who can get contraband through to Germany, every kind of device will be employed to maintain the trade. We are there-

fore compelled to utilize that power which the command of the sea gives us to stop the trade. Incidentally, as we have pointed out, by stopping the trade we are bringing the war nearer to an end. The loss inflicted upon neutrals is not an absolute loss, it is a relative loss. If American "copper kings" or any other American traders wish to dispose of their goods, they can sell them to us or to our allies or to all neutral countries excepting those immediately contiguous to our enemies, and they can sell at prices quite as high as, if not higher than, those prevailing before the war. What they cannot do is sell to our enemies at the inflated prices which military necessities compel Germany to pay. In effect, what these traders demand is, not that they shall be permitted to continue their trade as if there were no war, but that they shall be allowed the liberty of making extravagant profits out of the war. In other words, we are to abandon our use of sea power, thus prolonging the war and forcing our soldiers and the soldiers of our allies further to sacrifice their lives, for the sake of the abnormal profits of a small group of American traders. When it is understood in the United States that this is the real issue involved, there can be no doubt what the verdict of the American people will be.

When they realize the true nature of the case, we do not believe that the American people as a whole will endorse the demands of the traders in copper. They will remember how they acted in the Civil War. At that time our traders, regardless also whether the rebels would or would not be helped, claimed commercial rights which in fact, if not in name, were rights of supplying the enemies of the United States with goods needed by those enemies to continue the war. The North sternly refused to recognize

any such rights in a neutral Power. Will any Americans now stand forth and declare that their fathers were in

*The Spectator.*

the wrong? If they will not, how can they blame us for following their example?

## SEA LAW AND NEUTRAL COMMERCE.

Early in the war, when the British interpretation of naval law and practice was undergoing rapid changes, and the Declaration of London, though nominally adhered to, was being practically abandoned, we wrote several articles urging that the Admiralty and Foreign Office should exercise the utmost indulgence and discretion towards neutral trade. There were several reasons why a natural and legitimate desire to bring all possible commercial pressure to bear against Germany and Austria should be accompanied by the utmost consideration for neutrals. In the first place, the policy of Great Britain in the past, which, after this terrible war is over, we trust will be resumed, has been to avoid entanglement in Continental quarrels. We have therefore been, on the whole, advocates of the rights of neutrals and of neutral trade. Our greatest interest is peace. Free-trade is the basis of our commercial power. We must, therefore, be careful by our actions in this war not to prejudice our policy in the future. If, for example—to take two improbable hypotheses—a war broke out between the United States and Germany, or between the United States and Russia, all our shipping and commercial interests would insist upon our right to trade freely with both belligerents, and there would be a loud outcry if one or other nation obtained the supremacy of the seas and used it to establish something like a blockade of its enemy and of contiguous neutral ports. A second and very practical reason for the point of view which we laid before our readers and

the British Government at the commencement of the war was the danger that in the legitimate resolve to cause the utmost possible damage to Germany we might alienate neutral opinion and gradually obliterate the effect of Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality and of the mine-sowing policy which the German Admiralty initiated at the very commencement of the war. That various errors of judgment were committed may be taken as proved by the constant variations of the published contraband list, and apparently also of the unpublished regulations regarding search. The Prize Court decisions have also contained some surprises, though these, of course, are governed less by expediency than by precedent. It seems to us that the mistakes are largely due to want of business capacity and knowledge of the essentials of trade. Just as in the War Office the idea of employing first-class business men and of applying business principles to contracts and supplies can hardly be entertained by officialdom, so in the Foreign Office business capacity has been rigidly excluded. A large half of the country's business ability will certainly be found among the various Presbyterian and Nonconformist bodies. Yet a witness before the Royal Commission of the Civil Service stated (and it was not denied) that there are no Nonconformists or Presbyterians in the Foreign Office or Diplomatic Service. Nay, it seems to have been accepted by the Commission as a fact that nearly all the leading clerks and Ambassadors are drawn from a small set of Eto-

nians originally admitted mainly on grounds of influence, family, and wealth. Now, an admixture of commercial men and commercial lawyers would have made a very great difference (especially in dealing with the United States and Holland), even if the idea of throwing open the entrance gates of the Foreign Office to merit were too repulsive to be adopted. No doubt under the extraordinary difficulties of the situation produced by the war the Foreign Office had free recourse to the Crown lawyers; but, unfortunately, owing to the fact that the Solicitor-General's energies have been diverted to the office of the Press Censorship while the Attorney-General is largely occupied in the Prize Courts, no sufficient assistance could have been derived from this quarter. Another difficulty brought upon itself by the Government through the Defence of the Realm Act and the establishment of martial law courts, is that the Press has been afraid of publishing the truth and of giving good advice to the Government. There is an atmosphere of insincerity, a suppression of views as well as of news. An uncriticized department is almost bound to bungle.

The diplomacy which has culminated in President Wilson's Note may have a useful effect if it leads to a reform, by emphasizing the want of business knowledge and of the conditions of modern war which prevail in our most important public office. The Declaration of London was negotiated by our Foreign Office in 1909, and its main achievement was a free list of articles which no belligerent was entitled to declare contraband, and which, therefore, could be carried freely to and from the ports of belligerents in neutral vessels. The list included all metallic ores. This list was much applauded, and the Declaration of London was declared by the Liberal Government and the Liberal Press to be a

great charter of commerce, comparable in importance and value to the Declaration of Paris. But the possibility of Great Britain being a belligerent was overlooked. And so on August 4th a proclamation was issued altering the Declaration of London in various respects. But it was not until September 21st that the authorities discovered the importance of copper, lead, iron ore, rubber, &c., to the enemy, and transferred these and other articles from the free list to the list of conditional contraband. It is hardly possible under these circumstances not to feel that there has been a certain want of competence at the Foreign Office and among those who advise it upon international law and practice in war time, even after due allowance has been made for the difficulties and embarrassments of the situation. The text of the American Government's Note has startled the public, which ought to have been informed of what was going on in the United States and elsewhere. The Note complains of our renderings of international law and contrasts them with our previous views. But we would venture to suggest that it is the vagueness and uncertainty of the conditions even more than the conditions themselves that have caused trouble and friction. If the British authorities had made up their minds, had stated their intentions, and had carried them out in the spirit and the letter, the complaints and grievances might never have taken shape in the form of a public Note of protest from the leading neutral Power. Nor would we have our readers suppose for one moment that the attitude of the United States, or for that matter of the Scandinavian States and Holland, has been unfriendly to this country. On the contrary, they have probably shown at least as much patience under their commercial losses as we should have



displayed in similar circumstances. Any reader of American newspapers can see that the proceedings of Germany in Belgium have aroused deep and prolonged indignation; he will also be aware that the United States is executing large orders for the Allied Governments, and that it has acquiesced for many months in a practical suspension of its trade with Germany and Austria. The Germans in the United States are a large and numerous class, and they have with them many strong business interests. Moreover, President Wilson's attitude of neutrality has behind it the overwhelming support of public opinion in

*The Economist.*

the United States. These things being as they are, we have very little doubt that our own Government will see its way to an understanding which will satisfy the legitimate demands of neutral commerce. It is not to be expected that the right of search should be abandoned; but it is to be expected that there should be no undue delay in the examination of innocent cargoes. We should have thought also that it would have been advisable to have published a free list of all articles which can be shipped anywhere without interference as being neither absolute nor conditional contraband of war.

### A QUESTION OF TACT.

We confess to feeling some regret as to the form of America's Note to Great Britain on our treatment of her maritime commerce during the war. We wish that it had been somewhat differently expressed, and that it had been despatched in accordance with the accustomed way, we will not say of diplomacy, but of friendly correspondence. There are two ways of conducting a controversy of public interest. A man may give his correspondent the sole benefit of his mind, or he may turn a missive into a missile by despatching one copy of it to the press at or before the hour of its receipt by the person immediately concerned. It appears that the State Department of America chose the latter course. The summary of the Note appeared in the American newspapers of Tuesday; the text was only received by our Foreign Office at noon on the following day. That is to invert the order of courtesy; but there is no call to turn an error of tact into one of substance. For the rest, there is no deeply serious reason for complaint.

It was inevitable that a nation who is not at war should fail to understand the difficulties of one who is, especially when the interests of belligerent and neutral are in conflict.

What is one of these difficulties? It is that our war with Germany is not merely a war of men. It is to some extent a war of economic exhaustion. But it is still more a war of ammunition. The world's stock of murderous implements is a limited one, and it is already approaching a period, not quite of exhaustion, but of deterioration. The Allies therefore think it essential for the British fleets to maintain their siege of German ports with enough vigilance to prevent materials of war, and especially copper and antimony, from reaching the German armies. To effect this object, we are bound to interfere with neutral shipping plying between countries which furnish these materials and ports from which they are probably being transmitted to Germany. This is the main problem. The chief means of solving it is by the right of search, which is a familiar

process, in harmony with international law. But the right of search is not a perfect instrument. It implies the overhauling of cargoes, the detention of their carrier in a belligerent port, the delay of a voyage, the deterioration of perishable goods, the distinction between one class of commodity and another, which may or may not be liable to release at the hands of a Prize Court. If the States are against us on the question of the merits of the war, this process must appear to them an unmitigated nuisance. But if America, on the whole, sympathizes with the Allies and regards them as the champions of liberty in Europe, she must be conscious of a divided mind. She has her own trade interests to consider; but she is also interested in bringing the war to an end, and to a right end. For it is the existence and duration of the war which forms the great impediment to her sea-commerce, rather than our command of the seas, which imposes certain restrictions on that process. We, on our side, are obviously bound to pursue our preventive measures with tact and consideration. She, on her side, is at least equally concerned in checking illicit trading in supplies destined to sustain the German warfare.

If these be the main issues, it is clear that each party to this controversy has a duty to the other. Mr. Wilson has America's obligation in mind, when he warns his countrymen that their Government's cause is discredited by the issuing of false manifests, under cover of which articles of contraband—such as copper—have been concealed in consignments of free articles—such as cotton. We may take it for granted that this admission covers a number of cases considerable enough to raise a serious obstacle to checking the overseas supply of German munitions. We may be mistaken; Germany may be able to maintain her

stores of shells by resort to her own copper mines. But America can have no sort of objection to our policy of stifling an illicit trade, sustained as it must be by the American practice of only declaring a ship's manifest thirty days after sailing. Nor can she in fairness forestall the decision of Prize Courts by claiming that innocent cargoes have been wrongfully detained "on suspicion," and insisting on her own reading of their character. Her real demand is probably for a reasonably speedy use of the right of search, and it may be, for resort to a tribunal of claims on which her own lawyers might find seats, rather than to purely national courts.

Here, indeed, we touch the difficulty arising from the failure of the Declaration of London. Under that instrument we considered the question of contraband largely from the point of view of neutrals. Now we have been compelled to shift our ground, and think mainly of our rights as belligerents. We have found copper to be an important element in the construction of shells, a discovery that we might reasonably have made before. We have also reconsidered the treatment of foodstuffs, and transferred them from the free list to the category of "conditional" contraband. Thus we make a great deal of sea-law, and we also interpret it. In practice, we doubt whether any serious attempt has been made to curtail the supply of food to the German population, for we must recognize that Germany has enough food to carry her over the next harvest. Nor should we like to see this country ignoring Lord Salisbury's distinction between those food supplies clearly destined for the relief of armies, and those again which are capable of being so used but may only reach the mouths of men, women, and children in the civil population. Probably some shipments from American

ports to Rotterdam have been applied to the first purpose rather than to the second; but, in spite of the freedom we have taken of stopping food-stuffs showing a consignee in the enemy's territory, we hope that they have not been so stopped unless their destination was a place of arms. A somewhat different issue arises on the American complaint that we are harder on American exports of copper to Italy than on consignments to Scandinavian ports. Obviously, there is an enormous increase in the Italian consignments of copper, compared with the figures for September and October, 1913. But we imagine that every country which is fitting itself for war is increasing its stock of that article, and we may consider ourselves guarded not only by Italy's general attitude to the Allies, but by her specific embargo on the export of copper.

It is, indeed, "general attitude" which is the real test of the relationship of great and friendly countries under the stress of a world-wide war. Granted that we have annoyed American traders by making contraband of some of their southern products as well as, incidentally, by our own embargo on the export of rubber and wool. It is for us to show that there has been reasonable consideration for fair trading, and for her that there has been proper policing of unfair traffic

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for high profits. Speculative shippers of all countries rush into such ventures in time of war; but they are mere dealers in international mischief, and, as such, are the special plagues of their own Governments. Here is no cause for Anglo-American friction. We ought to be able to settle the worst of the delays and inconveniences which attend the right of search by some such expedient as that of the inspection of cargoes before sailing. No great injury has as yet been done, for in spite of all drawbacks, the foreign trade of America is fast recovering the early losses of the war. If she has now no substantial reason to complain, neither have we. The Allies have had their full share of the benefits they owe to their command of the seas and to America's power and willingness to supply their deficiencies. All the more unnecessary is it to fix ourselves to the Teutonic doctrine of "necessity" in war, or so to extend the doctrines of contraband and of "continuous voyage" as almost to close the ocean highways to neutral commerce. Sea-power is a giant's weapon, to be used, like all such implements of dominance, with discretion. And if America would claim her full place in the history of this momentous time, she will have to look beyond the mere incidental vexatiousness of the war to herself, to the greater needs of humanity.

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## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

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In "The Island of Make Believe," by Blanche E. Wade (The Page Co.), a group of children, stranded upon the Reef of "Don't-know-what-to-do" after a fine sail on Happy Ocean, are visited by an air-ship conveying a genial and ingenious stranger, calling himself

"Something-doing," who presently sets them to a great variety of pleasant tasks and occupations. Young readers will speedily find themselves enchanted by his suggestions, and the practical hints as to ways of carrying them out; and, before they are aware, will

perceive that, within this clever wonder tale, there are hidden many simple and easily-followed directions, which will enable them to dispel ennui, and find new diversions when the old ones have lost their charm by reason of too frequent repetition. Incidentally, weary mothers and other care-takers of children will find the book a boon. There are eight colored plates and a number of pictures in black and white.

The child of a stepmother is not always the pitiable little creature of fairy tales and ballads, and in Clara Louise Burnham's "*The Right Track*" one sees him in especially good luck. The hero is a widower, whose second wife marries him that freedom from care may give her leisure for reading, and the heroine is a patient, clear-eyed woman who brings him happiness by remaking his household and his whole environment. Except at rare moments everybody in the story is continuously happy, and the little boy and the stately girl who are at first aggrieved at their father's marriage are produced by using Christian Science methods, and in this case they differ only by an occasionally used formula from those dictated by common-sense and courtesy. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Ernest Kirtlan has made an admirable translation of the great Anglo-Saxon epic, "*The Story of Beowulf*," and Frederic Lawrence has given it a worthy setting with his quaint and beautiful decorations. Mr. Kirtlan begins with an illuminating essay on the poem itself, in which he dwells on the socialism of the early Anglo-Saxons, on their inherent fatalism and lack of passionate romance. The world to them was sombre. His translation keeps the spirit of the original admirably and is noticeable for its unpedantic use of the Germanic and

Saxon words in the modern English language. The effect is archaic without that affectation which makes tedious much of the work of William Morris in the same realm. While done in prose the wording gives much of the effect of poetry. The epic itself is far too little known to the reading public and deserves a careful study as the great song of the English race. T. Y. Crowell Co.

One of the most important words in modern business and industry, in all that it means and implies, is the word "efficiency." It may sometimes be used hastily and superficially, as a mere word to conjure with, but, used in its deeper meaning, it stands for an organized and intelligent effort to secure the largest possible product from human industry with the minimum of waste or fatigue. In his broad and exhaustive treatise on "*Fundamental Sources of Efficiency*" (J. B. Lippincott Co.) Fletcher Durell, Ph.D., presents at once the most comprehensive and the most practical discussion of the subject which has thus far been published. His primary aim, as he defines it in his Preface, is to analyze the various forms and sources of efficiency into a few elemental principles, and so to present and emphasize these principles as to promote their more extended use, not only in the various details of work and experience, but in the formation of a general philosophy of life. The difference between modern methods and those of a not remote past is well illustrated by the contrast which he cites in his first chapter, between the construction of the Suez Canal, when the laborers, not a few of whom were girls, toiled wearily up the bank, carrying loads of sand in rush baskets upon their heads, and the use of steam scoops in the building of the Panama Canal, each lifting two or more cubic yards

of earth at a single stroke. But, even in the later engineering, efficiency has been so increased from year to year that, in 1912, a ton of dynamite was twice as effective as in 1908. The author's own study of efficiency antedates the modern movement in that direction, having been based upon a reading of Herbert Spencer's philosophy twenty years ago; but he has followed with intelligent interest all the later developments and achievements, and discusses them in this volume with a clearness of exposition and a fulness of detail which adapt the work to the general reader, while the grouping of principles and results at the close of each chapter and the addition of an "Exercise" in which a large number of questions and examples are given for the student to work out for himself fit the book for text-book use.

"The King of the Dark Chamber" (The Macmillan Company) is an allegory in dramatic form by Rabindranath Tagore. The scene is laid in the city of a mysterious King who has never been seen by his subjects. They quarrel constantly about his attributes; and some of them even doubt his existence. A handsome youth pretends during the spring festival that he himself is the king and many sycophants flock to his standard, but he ventures into the royal palace and is exposed. The queen Sudarshana, however, who has seen her lord only in a dark chamber, has already acknowledged the pretender as the king. She is covered with shame, but fascinated by his youth and beauty she revolts against the mysterious King she has never seen and leaves him to return to her father's palace, on foot. He makes no attempt to stop her, and her father receives her only to make her perform the humblest tasks in the palace. Though she burns with rage at these insults to her dignity, she is

still confident that her King cannot live long without her and proudly awaits his coming so that she may humble him in turn. Finally her pride breaks utterly; she returns to the city and to the dark chamber in deep humility and cries out to the King, "I am the servant of your feet—I only seek the privilege of serving you." He welcomes her gladly, and ends the play with a bidding to "come with me now,—come outside—into the light." A brief outline can, of course, give no hint of the completeness of an allegory in which many sentences are packed deep with hidden meanings; and only a fragment of its beauty lies in the "plot." The simplicity of the language veils a certain beauty of diction and within that is a rarer beauty, woven, like a changeable silk, of truth and its expression. Only one who had attained through wisdom to purity and simplicity of soul could have written it. Yet as an allegory it must be ranked among those of inferior order. Its characters lack the breath of life. They move like automatons through a predetermined figure and leave the sympathies cold. One admits the truth and the beauty of individual metaphors, and the philosophical value of the complete structure; but no irresistible vision forms before one's eyes as one reads. It is easier to think of the book as a self-prescribed exercise in composition than as an unquenchable flow of genius. Its tinge of complacent didacticism is not redeemed by the enthusiasm of the seeker or the preacher of truth; the Occidental reader will miss most of all the earnestness and intensity of purpose which he is accustomed to demand from those to whom he goes for inspiration. It will, however, delight at least two classes of readers: the overcultured who like best those modern writers who imitate the classics most slavishly, and those who love the obvious.